



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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# THE AMERICAN NATURALIST

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## SPRING.

As sometime after deathlike swoond  
The life, that in the inmost cell  
Of Being keeps her citadel,  
Flows out upon the death around,

Flows out and slowly wins again  
Along the nerve-way's tangled track,  
Inch after inch her kingdom back  
To sense of subtly joyous pain ;

Till he that in the silent room  
With hot hands chafes her finger-tips,  
And lays his warm lips on the lips  
Whose cold hath quenched his life in gloom,

Feels all at once a fluttering breath,  
And in her hands an answering heat,  
Feels the faint, far-off pulses beat,  
And knows that this is life from death —

So in the arterial, profound  
Mysterious pathways of the earth,  
New life is yearning to its birth,  
New pulses beat along the ground.

A rosy mist is o'er the trees,  
The first faint flush of life's return,  
The firm-clenched fingers of the fern  
Unclasp beneath the vernal breeze.

Where late the plough with coulter keen  
Tossed the grey stubbles into foam,  
The upland's robe of russet loam  
Is shot with woof of tender green.

And here and there a flow'ret lifts  
A milk-white crest, a sudden spear,  
Through those dead leaves of yester-year  
That moulder in the hedgerow drifts.

And as I gaze on earth and skies  
New wakening from their winter sleep,  
Strange thrills into my being creep  
From that great life that never dies.

Low voices of the cosmic soul  
Breathe softly on my spirit's ear,  
And through earth's chaos whisper clear  
The meaning of her tangled whole.

That deep beneath that seeming strife  
Where all things ever deathward draw,  
There lives and works the larger law  
Whose secret is not death but life !

All The Year Round.

## A PROTEST.

BECAUSE you see me light and gay,  
Playing with that man and with this,  
You turn from me, and coldly say —  
"How frivolous she is !"

Because you hear my laugh ring out  
Careless, amid the ballroom's glare ;  
You think that all I care about  
In life, — is only there.

Because, to your disdainful look  
I answer with as cold a gaze,  
You sneer : "My lady ill can brook  
That one no homage pays."

Because you note my blush and smile,  
When others bow before my throne,  
You do not know that all the while  
Your mastery I own.

You will not guess — I cannot tell —  
That though their praises flatter me,  
And though my kingdom please me well,  
I'd leave it willingly.

To reign as queen beside your hearth,  
To call my own your love, your life,  
Would give up all I prize on earth,  
To be your wife.

Spectator.

C. G. D.

---

LEAF from leaf Christ knows,  
Himself the Lily and the Rose.

Sheep from sheep Christ tells,  
Himself the Shepherd, no one else.

Star and star he names,  
Himself outblazing all their flames.

Dove by dove, he calls  
To set each on the golden walls.

Drop by drop, he counts  
The flood of ocean as it mounts.

Grain by grain, his hand  
Numbers the innumerable sand.

Lord, I lift to thee  
In peace what is and what shall be.

Lord, in peace I trust  
To thee all spirits and all dust.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

---

EARTH hath clear call of daily bells,  
A chancel-vault of gloom and star,  
A rapture where the anthems are,  
A thunder when the organ swells :  
Alas, man's daily life — what else ? —  
Is out of tune with daily bells.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

From The National Review.  
LUXURY.<sup>1</sup>

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

PROFESSOR SIDGWICK has been discussing the ethics of luxury, and according to his wont, has been giving fresh interest to a well-worn topic. I do not wish to dispute anything that he has said, nor do I hope to clear up problems which he professedly left unsolved. In one sense, they obviously cannot be solved precisely. Luxury is a relative term which cannot be defined in absolute terms. A luxury, in the first place, is distinguished from a necessary. But then, one man's necessary may be another man's luxury. My very existence depends upon conditions with which another man can dispense. If, again, we admit that there are many things which, though not absolutely necessary, may rightly be used if they can be used without injuring others, we see that we must also take into account the varying social conditions. If we use luxury, in what Bentham called the dyslogistic sense, we must distinguish between necessities and superfluities, and then divide superfluities into comforts which may be rightfully enjoyed, and luxuries which cannot be enjoyed without incurring some degree of moral censure. But the dividing lines are always shifting. Scott tells somewhere of a Highlander sleeping on the open moor in a winter night. When he tried to roll the snow into a pillow his companion kicked it away as a proof of disgraceful effeminacy. Most of us would come to a speedy end if we lived in a social state where such a standard of hardness was rigidly enforced. We admit that some kind of pillow may be permitted, if not as absolutely necessary as at least a pardonable comfort. We shall probably agree also that nobody is to be blamed for using clean sheets and securing a certain amount of warmth and softness—as much at least as is desirable for sanitary reasons. But if we endeavor to prescribe precisely how much may be allowed in excess of the

necessary, how often we are to send our sheets to the wash, whether it is right to have lace upon our pillows, and so forth, we get into problems where any attempt at precision is obviously illusory. We are the more perplexed by the question whether the provision of a bed for ourselves causes other people to go without a bed, and perhaps without supper, or how far we are bound to take such consequences into account. Without aiming, therefore, at an impossible precision, I shall try to consider—not what objects should be called luxuries or comforts or necessities, but what are the really relevant considerations by which we should endeavor to guide our judgments.

Luxury is, as I have said, a well-worn topic. Saints and philosophers in all ages have denounced the excessive love of material enjoyments, and set examples of a more or less thorough-going asceticism. It was—to go no further back—one of the favorite topics of our ancestors in such papers as "The Spectator" and "The Rambler." Addison, in his "Cato," described the simple Numidian, whose standard appears to have resembled that of Scott's Highlander. The Numidian, he says, rests his head upon a rock at night, and if next day he chances to find a new repast or an untasted spring "blesses his stars and calls it luxury." General Oglethorpe quoted this passage, in an argument about luxury, to Johnson, and added, "let us have *that* kind of luxury, sir, if you will." Johnson himself put down all this declamation as part of the cant from which we ought to clear our minds. No nation, he said to Goldsmith, was ever hurt by luxury. "Let us take a walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, through the greatest series of shops in the world; what is there in any of these shops (if you except gin-shops) that can do any human being any harm?" "I accept your challenge," said Goldsmith. "The next shop to Northumberland House is a pickle-shop." To which the excellent Johnson replied, first, that five pickle-

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered to the West London Ethical Society on 11th February.

shops could serve the whole kingdom ; secondly, that no harm was done to anybody either by making pickles or by eating pickles. I will not go into the ethics of pickles. I only quote this to remind you that this was one of the stock questions of the period ; and not without reason. The denunciation of luxury was in fact the mark of a very significant tendency. Goldsmith had expressed the prevalent sentiment in the "Deserted Village," as in the familiar passage beginning : —

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

And Goldsmith, like many contemporaries, was only versifying the sentiments uttered most powerfully by Rousseau in his famous exaltation of the ideal man of nature above the man of a corrupt civilization. The theory has some affinity to the ancient doctrine already expounded by classical writers, according to which each form of government includes a principle of decay as well as of life. One stage in the process of corruption of Plato's ideal republic is marked by the appearance of the drones, people who take a surfeit of unnecessary pleasures, and, to obtain satisfaction, associate themselves with the fierce and rapacious. In Rousseau's time, this view became connected with the growing belief in progress and "perfectibility." It was a symptom of warning to the drones of his day. It showed that the thoughtful classes were becoming dimly sensible that something was wrong in the social organization ; and that a selfish and indolent aristocracy should be called upon to put its house in order. The denunciation of luxury meant, in short, that the rich and powerful were accused of indulgence in pleasures which they had not earned by services, but by simply (as Beaumarchais put it) taking the trouble to be born. Considered from this point of view, as the muttering of a coming storm, as the expression of a vague foreboding that the world was somehow out of joint, we may see more meaning than appears at first sight in the old-fashioned com-

monplaces of our great-grandfathers. The language has changed its form ; but the discontent at a misuse of wealth in various forms has certainly not diminished since that time.

Obviously, then, the question of luxury is connected with very wide and deep problems as to what is the proper use of wealth, and might lead us into ultimate questions as to the justification of the right to private property at all. I shall try, however, to keep as closely as may be to the particular aspect of such problems which is immediately relevant to this particular question. And for this purpose I think it will be convenient to take two points separately. The objections to luxury may be stated either with reference to the individual or with reference to the society. That is to say, that if we consider a man by himself, we may ask with Johnson whether expenditure upon pickles is injurious to the constitution, or at what point it becomes injurious. And, in the next place, we may ask whether, if we set to our way to decide that pickles are wholesome as well as agreeable, some of us may not be getting more than our fair share of them, and so diminishing the total sum of pleasure, by inordinate consumption. First, then, I discard for the moment all social considerations. I take for granted, for the sake of argument, that my indulgence does no harm to any one else ; that I am not depriving others of a means of enjoyment, but simply adding to my own ; or, at any rate, that I am not, for the moment, to take into account that set of consequences. How far, on this hypothesis, or, say, setting aside all question of duty to my neighbor, should I be prudent in accumulating wealth ? I sometimes amuse myself with the problem, How rich should I like to be, supposing that I were perfectly wise in that sense in which wisdom is compatible with thoroughgoing egoism, or with what is called enlightened self-interest ? The obvious answer is that in that case there would be no limits to my desires. An imaginative American, we are told, defined competence as "a million a

minute and all your expenses paid." The suggestion is fascinating, but not, to my mind, quite satisfactory. It recalls a doctrine which used to be put forward by the old political economists. They had to meet the theory—a preposterous theory enough—of the danger of a universal glut; the danger, that is, that a nation might produce so much that nothing would have any value, and, therefore, that we should all be ruined by all becoming enormously rich. To meet this, it was often urged—along with more satisfactory arguments—that human desires were illimitable; and, therefore, that however rich a man might become he would always wish to become a little richer.

According to this doctrine, the desire for wealth cannot be satiated. The millionaire would still choose an extra half-crown rather than refuse it, although the half-crown brings him incomparably less additional pleasure than it brought him when his pockets were empty. But it is also true that long before we are millionaires the pleasure obtainable by additional wealth may be infinitesimal or absolutely non-existent. The simple desires may be easily saturated. Pope asks, "What riches give us, let us then enquire." And he replies, "Meat, fire, and clothes—what more? Meat, clothes, and fire?" This is, in fact, a pithy summary of our most elementary and necessary wants. Now, our demand for meat is obviously strictly limited. As soon as we have eaten, say, a pound of beefsteak, we do not want more; by the time we have eaten, say, three pounds we do not only not want more, we loathe the very thought of eating. So when we are clothed sufficiently for comfort and decency, more clothing is simply a burden; and we wish only for so much fire as will keep our thermometer within certain limits—a heat above or below would mean death either by burning or by freezing. Our ultimate aim, therefore, in regard to desires of this class is not to increase the stimulus indefinitely, but to preserve a certain balance, or equilibrium.

If we want more food after our appetites are satisfied, it must either be with a view to our future consumption, which is still strictly finite, or else with a view to exchanging the food for something else, in which case it is desired, not as food but as the means of satisfying some other desire. If, then, Pope's doctrine were really sound, which really amounts to saying, if our desires were really limited to the physical conditions necessary to life, we should very soon reach the state in which they would be completely glutted or saturated. It may be worth while to note the circumstance which rather obscures our recognition of this fact. We may distinguish between the wealth which a man actually uses and that which remains, as I may say, only potential. A man may desire an indefinite quantity of wealth, because he may wish to have rights which he may yet never turn to actual account. There is a certain satisfaction, no doubt, in knowing that I have a vast balance at my banker's though I have no desire to use it. I may want it some time or other; and, even if I never want it, I may enjoy the sense of having even a disproportionate barrier of money-bags piled up between me and the yawning gulf of actual poverty. Therefore, though a very limited amount may be enough to saturate all our existing desires, we may like to know that there is more at our disposal. If possession carried with it the necessity of using our property, if we could not have potential as distinguished from actual wealth, we should be so far from desiring an indefinite increase of wealth that we should regard the increase beyond a certain limit as only one of two intolerable alternatives.

The question, therefore, How rich should I wish to be? requires an answer to the previous question, How rich can I be? A man, even if on the intellectual level of a savage, can be indefinitely rich in potential wealth; he may, that is, have a right to millions of pounds or be the owner of thousands of acres; but in order to use them he must have certain capacities



and sensibilities. It is a curious question, for example, how much of the wealth of a country would cease to be wealth at all if the intelligence of the possessors were lowered certain degrees in the scale? A large part of the wealth of England consists, I suppose, of machinery. If nobody knew more of machines than I do—and my whole notion of a machine is that it is something that goes round somehow if you happen to turn the right handle—all this wealth would become as useless as an electric telegraph in the possession of a hairy Ainu. And if nobody had any better artistic perception than mine and we were therefore unable to see the difference between a Raphael and the daub in an advertising placard, the pictures in the National Gallery would have an average value, say, of eighteen-pence. A man, therefore, who is at the lower levels of intelligence is simply unable to be actually rich, beyond a narrow limit. The fact is occasionally forced upon us by striking examples. I heard the other day a story—I am afraid we all hear such stories too often—of a man who had become enormously rich by a freak of fortune. His only idea of enjoyment happened to be gin. He could, therefore, only use his wealth by drinking himself to death; a proceeding which he accordingly felt to be only a proper tribute to his improved social position. A similar result happens whenever a sudden rise of wages to an insufficiently civilized class leads to the enrichment of publicans instead of greater enjoyment of refined and innocent pleasures. The man, in short, whose idea of pleasure is simply the gratification of the physical appetites in their coarser forms is incapable of becoming actually rich, because a small amount of wealth will enable him to saturate his desires by providing a superfluity of the material means of gratification. It is, perhaps, here that we may take into account the remark so often made by moralists, by Adam Smith among others, as Professor Sidgwick reminds us, that happiness is more evenly distributed among different classes than

we suppose. The king, according to Shakespeare,—

With all the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore  
of this world . . .  
Cannot Sleep so soundly as the wretched  
slave  
Who with a body filled and vacant  
mind  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with  
distressful bread.

The "body filled" and the "vacant mind" make up for the "distressful bread." It is as well, that is, to have no wants except the want of mere physical comfort, as to have higher wants and the means of gratifying them and yet to be saddled with the anxieties and responsibilities which the higher position involves. The doctrine, "I am not really better off than you," is, indeed, not a very graceful one from those who are actually better off. There was some excuse for the fox who said the grapes were sour when he could not get them; it argued a judicious desire to make the best of things; but if he made the remark while he was comfortably chewing them, by way of pacifying the grapeless foxes, we should have thought him a more objectionable hypocrite. The pauper may fairly reply, If you really mean that your wealth brings no happiness, why don't you change places with me? I will, therefore, not defend the statement, considered as an exhortation to content; but I accept it as a recognition of the obvious fact that if happiness means a satisfaction of all our desires, a man of small means may be as happy as the man of the greatest means, if his desires are limited in proportion. But is it for our happiness to increase them? ✓

Does our principle hold when we suppose a man to have the necessary sensibilities for the actual enjoyment of wealth? If he acquires the tastes which imply greater intellectual cultivation, a power, therefore, of taking into account sources of pleasure more complex and more distant in time and space, does it then become true that

his power of using wealth will be indefinite? I should reply, in the first place, that we must still admit the same psychological truth. Any desire whatever, that is, is capable of yielding only a strictly finite amount of enjoyment; the pleasure which we can derive from it must be limited both by the necessity of gratifying other desires and by the fact that no desire whatever is capable of an indefinite increase by increased stimulation. After a certain point of excitement is reached, we cannot get more pleasure by any accumulation of internal conditions. We assume for the present that our aim is simply to extract the greatest possible amount of gratification out of life. We must then take for our data our actual constitution, capacities, sensibilities, and so forth, and calculate how much wealth could be actually applied in order to keep us moving always along the line of maximum enjoyment. This would be to study the art of life on purely hedonistic principles. We should ask, what career will on the whole be the fullest of enjoyment? and, then, what material conditions can enable us to follow that career? I imagine that the amount requisite would vary indefinitely according to our characters. Suppose, for example, that a man has strong intellectual tastes, a love of art or science or literature. He will require, of course, enough wealth to enable him to devote himself without anxiety to his favorite pursuits, and enough, moreover, to train himself in all requisite knowledge. But granting this, the material conditions of happiness will be sufficiently fulfilled. I think it was Agassiz who observed when he was devoting himself to science that he had not time to get rich. Wealth to him would have been rather an impediment than an advantage. A man like Faraday, who placed his whole happiness in the extension of scientific knowledge, and who was not less honored because he lived upon a modest income, would not have had a greater amount of that kind of happiness had he possessed the wealth of a Rothschild. A man whose

pleasure is in reading books, or contemplating works of art, or listening to music, can obtain the highest enjoyment at a very moderate price, and can get very little more if he has the most unbounded wealth at his disposal. If we inquired what men of such tastes had, in fact, derived from them the greatest happiness, we should, I fancy, find ourselves mentioning men comparatively poor, whose enjoyments were even comparatively keen, because they had to devote a certain amount of care and contrivance to obtaining full play for their capacities. Charles Lamb, plotting and contriving to get an old volume from a bookstall, possibly got more pleasure from his taste than the possessors of gigantic libraries. The sociable man, again, the man whose pleasure in society is the genuine delight in a real interchange of thought and sympathy, who does not desire magnificent entertainment but the stimulus of intimate association with congenial friends, would probably find the highest pleasure in comparatively simple social strata, where the display of wealth was no object, and men met, as Johnson met his friends at the club, to put mind fairly to mind, and to stimulate intellectual activity instead of consuming the maximum of luxury. Milton's sonnet to Lawrence gives perhaps a rather severe but a very fascinating ideal of refined luxury:—

What neat repast shall feast us, light and  
choice,

Of Attic taste with wine, whence we may  
rise

To hear the lute well touched, or artful  
voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?

He who of these delights can judge, and  
spare

To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

Nor need we be accused of inordinate boasting if we should say that we would rather have made a third at such a feast than have joined a dozen rowdy courtiers at the table of Charles II.

There are, however, pleasures which undoubtedly suppose an indefinite capacity for using wealth. There is, for

example, such a thing as the pure love of splendor which is represented so curiously in some of Disraeli's novels. One of his heroes, if I remember rightly, proposed to follow the precedent actually set by Beckford, who built at Fonthill a tower three hundred feet high—not because it was wanted for any other purpose, but simply for the sake of building a tower. Of course, if one has a taste for towers three hundred feet high there is no particular limit to the quantity of wealth which may be found convenient. One of the gentlest and most delicate satirists of modern society, Mr. Du Maurier, has given us admirable illustrations of a more vulgar form of the same tendency in his portraits of Sir Gorgius Midas. When that worthy denounces his servants because there are only three footmen sitting up till two o'clock to save him the trouble of using a latch-key, we may admit that his pleasures, such as they were, were capable of finding gratification in any quantity of expenditure. It might be a question, indeed, if we had time to ask it, whether the pleasure derived from such expenses by the millionaire be really so great as the pleasure which he had when he first turned the proverbial half-crown, with which he must have come to London, into his first five shillings; and it is certainly also a question whether his expenditure was ethically right. But, at present, we are only considering facts, and we may admit that there would be no filling such a gulf of desire by any dribble of bullion; and, further, that there are pleasures—not, on the face of them, immoral—in procuring which any quantity of money may be spent. If a man is simply desirous of obtaining influence; or, in some cases, political power; or if he decides to muddle away his money upon charity, there are no limits to the sums he may spend, especially if he has no objection to corrupting his neighbors.

Before saying anything upon this, however, I must pause to deduce a conclusion. Keeping still to the purely hedonistic point of view, I ask, At

what point does expenditure become luxurious in a culpable sense? meaning by "culpable," not morally culpable but simply injudicious, from the point of view of enlightened self-interest. To this I think that one answer is already suggested, that is to say, that since, on the one hand, a certain finite quantity of wealth will enable us to keep to the happiest or most philosophic career; and since, on the other hand, a man may possess a quantity of superfluous wealth which he can only use on penalty of deviating from that career, he becomes foolish, if not immoral—upon which I say nothing—when he tries to use more. That people frequently commit this folly is undeniable. Wealth ought to be (I mean would be by a judiciously selfish person) regarded as a means of enjoyment. Therefore the superfluous wealth should be left in the potential stage—as a balance at his banker's or accumulating in the funds. But though the possession does not imply a necessity of using, it does generally imply a sort of tacit feeling of responsibility—responsibility, that is, to a man's self. I have got so much money; surely, it is a duty to myself to use it for my pleasure. So far as a man yields to such an argument, he becomes the slave instead of the master of his wealth. What ought to be machinery for furthering an end, becomes an end in itself; and, at that point of conduct, I think that we are disposed to call a man's life luxurious in a distinctly bad sense. The error, as I have suggested, is perhaps at bottom much the same as that which leads a poor man to spend an increase of wages at a gin-shop. But we do not call the gin-drinker luxurious, but simply vicious. For luxury seems to apply less to conduct which we can distinctly call bad in itself, than to conduct which only becomes bad or foolish as implying a disproportion between the end attained and the expense of attaining it. It applies when a man has, as we say, so much money that he does not know what to do with it. We speak of luxury in the case of Sir Gorgius, where the

prominent fact is that the man has been gorged with excessive wealth, and is yet too dull to use it in any manner which would increase the happiness of a reasonable or refined being. So it is generally regarded as characteristic rather of the upstart or newly made millionaire than of the man born to higher position, whose life is perhaps as selfish and hardly superior morally. But the nobleman by birth has inherited a certain art of life; he has acquired traditional modes of arranging his pleasures, which give him the appearance, at least, of possessing more judicious and refined tastes; and we are less shocked than by the man who has obviously wealth which he knows not how to use, and which he, therefore, deliberately devotes to coarse and vulgar ostentation. The upstart may not be more selfish at bottom; but he dashes in your face the evidence of his selfishness, and appeals for admiration on the simple ground that he has a larger income than his neighbors. Luxury means, on this showing, all such expenditure as is objectionable, not because the pleasure obtained is intrinsically bad, but because we are spending for the sake of spending, and could not get more real enjoyment at a lower sum. I need not dwell upon the fact that men of moderate means may fall into the same error. The fault of exaggerating the importance of machinery is not confined to those whom we call rich. Thackeray's discourses upon snobs are full expositions of the same weakness in the middle classes. When we read, for example, of Colonel Ponto being miserable because he tries to make an income of a thousand a year support the pomp accessible to persons with ten thousand, we see that he has as false a view as Sir Gorgius of the true ends of life. And I refer to the same great satirist for abundant illustrations of the weaknesses which too often make society a machinery for wasting money on display, and entirely oblivious that it should be a machinery for the promotion of intellectual and refined pleasures.

Now, if I have given a fair account of luxury as considered simply from the point of view of an enlightened selfishness, I may proceed to the ethical question. So far, I have only asked in substance at what point our expenditure upon pickles becomes foolish. But, of course, the more important question arises, at what point it becomes selfish. A man may be silly for spending money upon erecting towers; but if he does no harm to his neighbors we hardly call him wicked. We cannot say that it is unconditionally wrong to build a tower. We must enquire, therefore, how far luxury necessarily involves a wrong to others. Here we must begin by listening to all the philosophers and divines of whom I spoke at starting. Any number of wise and good men will tell us in various dialects that pleasure is in itself bad, or, at least, that all the pleasures obtainable by wealth are bad, or, at any rate, beneath the notice of the higher spirits. There are the thorough-going ascetics who strive, not to regulate but to suppress all except the absolutely necessary physical instincts, and think that even those desires savor of evil; who consider the best man to be the man who lives upon bread and water, and, if possible, upon mouldy bread and ditch-water. There are, again, spiritually minded people who consider all happiness to be worthless, except such happiness as results from aspirations to another world; who regard all riches as chains binding the soul to earth; who take the words "Blessed are the poor" in the most literal sense, as defining the true aim of life. We should seek, they say, for happiness elsewhere than in this transitory stage of existence, remember that the world is a mere screen hiding the awful realities of heaven and hell; and despise even such pleasures as are generally called intellectual pleasures, the pleasures, for example, of art or science, for they, too, belong really to the sphere of illusion, and are simply more subtle temptations than those of the flesh. And besides these we have the philosophers, who would have us

live in the world of pure intellect, and tell us that the true moral of life is to make ourselves independent of external circumstances by suppressing all the corresponding desires. Renunciation, therefore, is the first lesson to be learned by the wise man; and the practical rule, as has been said, is that we should endeavor not to increase our numerator but to lessen our denominator. I cannot now discuss such doctrines. I am content to say that I regard them not as simply false, but as distorted views of truth. For my part, I am content to say that even as a moralist I wish to see people as happy as possible; that, being after all a poor utilitarian after my own fashion, I desire—however erroneously—the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and in particular that I should like to see not a feebler, but a much keener appreciation of all the pleasures derivable from art or science or literature or rational society, even, if I may say so, from good cookery and athletic sports. Briefly, the ideal society seems to me to be one in which even our lower instincts should not be suppressed but regulated; and the typical man of the future to be one whose whole faculties and their corresponding sensibilities should be cultivated to the utmost possible degree. What is the application of this to our special question? I do not know that I can do better than refer to the writings of Bernard Mandeville, who in his "*Fable of the Bees*"—one of the cleverest books in the language—succeeded by the help of much paradox, and under a cloak of cynicism, in stating the problem with singular vivacity. Private vices, that was his way of putting it, are public benefits. His meaning, put less paradoxically, was this: accept, on the one hand, the ascetic doctrine that pursuit of pleasure is intrinsically vicious, and you condemn all the impulses by which the structure of society, especially the industrial structure, has been built up. Accept, on the other hand, the doctrine that civilization is on the whole a good thing, and you admit that the instincts, which,

upon this hypothesis, correspond to private vices, are the only means of producing a public benefit. In other words, if we took the language of theologians in its natural sense, and really regarded the world as worthless, we should have no industry, no trade or commerce, and be still living in swamps and forests, digging up roots with our nails, living upon acorns and shellfish, and scarcely even painting ourselves blue, for to the savage blue paint was a luxury. Now, apart from any question as to the fairness of this version of theological doctrine, we may ask, What is the real underlying difficulty—or that aspect of it which is still worth considering? We may grant, in the first place, to Mandeville that, in point of fact, the construction of a civilized society presupposes the development of numerous desires, many of which are more or less condemned by severe moralists. If the savage comes to value blue paint, he may take to planting something to exchange for it, instead of simply lying on his back to digest his last handful of acorns; and, in so doing, he makes the first step towards the development of an industrial system. The desire for wealth is of course implied in all stages of progress if men are to create wealth; and we can partly answer Mandeville's paradox by throwing over the ascetic and declaring that a desire for good meat and fire and clothes, even for pictures and books and music, or for such comforts as most of us enjoy, is not in itself immoral; and that, on the contrary, the more there is of such enjoyment the better for men's bodies and minds, and therefore, on the whole, the better for their morality. But the moral difficulty returns in a new shape. The desire for wealth, let us say, is not in itself bad; it is simply natural—it is a desire for one essential condition of a tolerably happy life. But is it not bad in so far as it is selfish? Do not the desires which have been the mainspring of all modern development imply a desire of each man to get rich at the expense of others? Have they not been the source of all



that division between rich and poor which makes one side luxurious and the other miserable? Has not Dives become rich and bloated by force of the very same process which has made Lazarus a mass of sores and misery? Suppress the desire for wealth, and we should still be savages "running wild in woods." But was not even the noble savage better than the pauper who now hangs on to the fringes of society? and is his existence compensated by the existence of other classes who have more wealth than they can use? And so the old problem comes back; and we have, as of old, the most contradictory answers to the problem.

I am, I confess it, one of those old-fashioned people who believe in progress, and hold that their own century is distinctly better than any which preceded it; who would on no account go back, if they could, to the days of the noble savages or even to the brutalities and superstitions of the ages of faith. But I do not think that I need argue that question for our present purpose. We have got to this century somehow, and we can only get out of it by living till the twentieth. Meanwhile, we should make the best of the interval. I will, therefore, only permit myself one remark. If we suppose, with Mandeville, that the instincts which have developed modern society have been to a great extent selfish desires, that is, for the personal comfort of the agent, irrespectively of consequences to others, it does not follow that the corresponding development has been mischievous. Good commonplace moralists have been much in the habit of condemning the selfish passions of kings and conquerors. What can be an easier mark for denunciation than such a man, for example, as Louis XI. of France and the wily and cruel rulers of past ages, whose only aim was to enlarge their own powers and wealth? And yet, if we consider the matter historically, we must admit that such men have rendered enormous services to mankind. A ruler, let us say, had for his only object the extension and concentration of his own authority. Still

it was by the conflicts of rulers that the great nations have been formed out of a chaos of struggling clans; that peace and order, therefore, has been substituted for violence throughout broad territories; that law has taken the place of private war; moreover, that the privileges of selfish orders have been suppressed through the development of a larger and more civilized national organization; and that, although the immediate victory was won by the selfish ruler, the ultimate benefit has accrued to the people upon whom he was forced to rely for support against the oppressive subordinate powers. The ruler, perhaps, did not look beyond his own interests, but his own interest forced him to find allies among the mass of the population, and so gradually led to the formation of central organs, representing not the personal interest of the king, but the interest of the whole nation in which they had arisen. We may make a similar remark upon industrial development. The great merchant and capitalist and inventor of new methods and machinery has not looked, it may be, beyond his own interest; but, intentionally or not, he was helping to construct a vast organization which, whether it has on the whole improved the world or not, has at least made it enormously richer. Perhaps Watt, when he was improving the steam-engine, thought only of the profits to be derived from his invention. But the profit which he gained after a laborious life was but an infinitesimal fraction of the enormous increase of efficiency which resulted to the national industry. We cannot doubt that the whole gigantic system which at least maintains a population several times multiplied, which maintains part of it in wealth and a large proportion in reasonable comfort, has been due to the labors of many men, each working for his own interest and animated chiefly by the desire of wealth. So much remains true of the economist's doctrine of the natural harmony between individual and public interest. In this case, as in the case of govern-

ments, we may, perhaps, say that men acted from motives which must be called selfish, in this sense at least, that they thought of little but their own interests; but that at the same time their own interests compelled them to work in a direction which promoted more or less the interests of others. I add, briefly, that these are only instances of what we may call the general rule: namely, that morality begins from an external or unrecognized conformity of interests and ends by recognizing and adopting as motives the consequences which in the earlier stage seemed to be internal or accidental consequences. I begin by helping a man because circumstances make it useful to myself, and I end—and only become truly moral when I end—by doing what is useful to him, because it is useful to him. When, indeed, I have reached that point, my end itself is profoundly modified; it becomes much wider and yet only regulates and directs to new channels a great deal of the corresponding conduct.

The consideration of this modification—of the change which should take place when a man not only pursues such conduct as is beneficial on the whole to a country, but pursues it with a view to the beneficial consequences—brings us back to the question of luxury. The bare pursuit of wealth as the end of existence implies, of course, indifference to the means by which it is produced; an equal readiness, for example, to grow rich by cheating my neighbor, or by actually producing a greater quantity of useful produce. It is consistent with a simple desire to enlarge my business without reference to the effect upon the persons I employ, as when manufacturers enriched themselves by cruel exploitation of the labor of infants. But if we hope for a state of things in which an employer should consider himself as essentially part of the national organism, as increasing his own wealth only by such means as would be also advantageous to the comfort of the nation generally, the pursuit of wealth would become moralized.

Here, in fact, we must once more consider Mandeville's paradox. Desire for wealth, he substantially says, must be good because it stimulates industry. When your lazy barbarian, who has no pleasure but gorging himself with food, comes also to desire fine clothes, he is not only a degree more refined in his tastes, but his increased industry leads him to produce enough food to support his tailor and provision is made for two men instead of one. But desire for wealth, it is replied, is bad, because it leads our barbarian, not only to consume the product of his own labor, but to consume that of somebody else. Mandeville gained piquancy for his argument by confusing the two cases. Since the desire is good, all its manifestations must be good. Extravagance, for example, is good, and, as he put it, the fire of London was a benefit to industry, because it set up a greater demand for the services of carpenters and bricklayers. I need not say how frequently an argument substantially the same has been adopted by good writers, and simple extravagance been praised because it was supposed to be "good for trade." Political economists have been forced to labor the point that extravagant consumption does not increase wealth; but the only curious thing is that such a point should ever have required demonstration. The conclusion, which is sufficient for our purpose, is simply that an absolute denunciation or an absolute exaltation of the desire for wealth is equally impossible; for the desire may have contrary effects. In one shape it may stimulate to enjoyments which actually diminish wealth in general, or, at any rate, to those which lead to the actual exploitation of the many for the benefit of the few; and, on the other hand, to denounce it, simply would be to denounce all the springs of action which raise men above the barbarous state of society. When we look at the contrasts between the rich and the poor, we must rightfully desire a greater equality of distribution; but we may be tempted to approve too early any means which

may lead to such equality. It is, indeed, obvious that if all the national resources which are now applied to producing superfluities could be turned to the production of necessities, we could support the same population in a greater comfort, or support a much greater population at a point just above starvation level. But it does not at all follow that a society in which every man's labor was devoted entirely to the task of providing necessities would in fact be either more comfortable or more numerous. Historically speaking, the fact is the very reverse. The only societies in which there is such an equality are societies in which the level is one of uniform misery, and whose total industrial efficiency is incomparably smaller than that of the more civilized races. It has been only in so far as a nation has been able to support classes with sufficient means to devote themselves to science and art, and the cultivation of the higher faculties generally, that it has acquired the vast powers of production which enable some to be disproportionately rich, but which also enable numerous masses to support themselves in tolerable comfort, where there were once a few wandering barbarians. That the more cultivated classes have sought only their own advantage instead of the general benefit may be too true; but the conclusion is — not that they should cease to have the desires which entitle a man to be called a civilized being, but that these desires should be so regulated and moralized as to subserve directly and necessarily the ends which they have only promoted indirectly and accidentally. A society which has grown rich by mechanical discoveries and industrious organization has acquired the power of greatly raising the average level of comfort. If, in point of fact, its power has been greatly misused, if a great development of poverty has taken place side by side with a great development of industrial efficiency, the proper inference is not that we should denounce the desires from which the efficiency is derived, but that we should direct them into

such channels as may lead to the more universal distribution of the advantages which they create.

It is, I think, from this point of view that we can best judge of the moral objection to luxury. For, as I previously suggested, luxury begins when a man becomes the slave instead of the master of his wealth; when that which ought to be a mere machinery becomes an end in itself; and when, therefore, there is a tendency to cultivate and stimulate to excess those lower passions which, though necessary within limits, may beyond those limits distort and lower the whole character, and make the pursuit of worthy objects impossible. We know that the king who had the reputation of being the wisest of mankind, after building a splendid temple and a gorgeous palace, and filling them with vessels of gold, and importing ivory and apes and peacocks, could find nothing better to do with the rest than to take seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines — a measure which hardly increased his domestic felicity, but no doubt got rid of a good deal of money. Although few men have Solomon's opportunities of affording a typical instance of luxury, many of us show ourselves capable of weakness similar at least in kind. I need not multiply examples. The great mystery of fashion is perhaps a trifling but a significant example. When people, instead of considering dress as a means of displaying the beauty of the human frame, consider their bodies as mere pegs upon which to display clothes, and are ready to distort their own forms to fill arbitrary shapes, changed at short intervals to increase the cost, they are clearly exemplifying the confusion between means and ends. When a young gentleman spends a fortune upon the turf, or upon gambling, he shows that he has no more conception than the poor boy who plays pitch-and-loss with halfpence of the ways in which wealth might be made conducive to undertakings worthy of absorbing human energy. When, on pretence of cultivating society, we invent a whole cumbrous so-

cial apparatus which makes all rational conversation impossible, we show that the display of wealth has become an end to which we are ready to sacrifice our ostensible purpose. Now, I suggest that such luxury, such exaltation of the machinery above the ultimate good, corresponds pretty nearly to the distinction between the desires which lead to the rightful use and those which lead to the shameful misuse of wealth in a social sense. Human nature, indeed, is singularly complex, and it is impossible to deny that the hope of acquiring such luxuries may incidentally lead to that increase of industry and development of national resources which, as we have seen, is the ground upon which it is defended. The industrious apprentice may have been stimulated to become lord mayor by the odors from his master's turtle-soup; Arkwright, perhaps, was induced to invent the machinery which revolutionized the cotton manufactures by the hope of becoming Sir Richard, and rivalling the coarse luxury of some stupid Squire Western. But we cannot doubt that upon a large scale the love of the grosser indulgences is bad, even from its purely economical point of view. If incidentally it encourages industry, it far more directly and necessarily encourages wasteful expenditure. If a rich man can only spend his thousands at a gambling-table, the poorer man cannot be blamed for gambling with a thimble-rigger. When Solomon set up his domestic establishment, every shopkeeper in Jerusalem might be encouraged to marry an extra wife. If a rich man who has enough to saturate a healthy appetite tries how much money he can spend, like the old classical epicures, upon new dishes of nightingales' tongues, you can hardly expect the poorer man to refrain from an extra glass of gin. Briefly, so far as the resources of a nation are spent upon the mere ostentation—which we call vulgar, to imply that it is spending for the sake of expense, foolishly trying to get more pleasure for an appetite already gorged to excess by simply increasing the stimulus—it is encour-

aging all the forces which make rather for waste than increased productiveness, and justifying the natural jealousy of the poorer. So far, that is, as a desire for wealth means a desire to consume as much as possible on super-saturating the lower appetites, the commonest argument against private property in general is not only plausible but justified. I should say, then, that luxury in a bad sense begins wherever in expenditure it indicates an insufficient sense of the responsibility which attaches to all wealth. This does not condemn an expenditure which may seem, from some points of view, luxurious; though, as I have said, I cannot profess to draw any distinct line in what is essentially a question of degree and of actual possibilities. I can only suggest in general that a man is *primâ facie* justified in all such expenditure as tends to the highest possible cultivation of his faculties and of the faculties of those dependent upon him. I hold it to be a matter of the highest importance that there should be a thoroughly civilized class—a class capable of all intellectual pleasures; loving the beauties of art and nature; studying every possible department of knowledge, scientific and historical; maintaining all such modes of recreation and social enjoyment as are naturally appropriate to such a class. And I do not call any man luxurious for maintaining his position in such a sphere, or for enabling his children to follow in his steps. I believe that, as things are, the existence of such a class is a necessary condition of national welfare and of the preservation and extension of the whole body of cultivation which we have received from our ancestors. What is requisite is that the class should be not only capable of refined enjoyment, but of discharging its functions relatively to the nation at large, and spreading a higher standard of enjoyment through the whole community. So far as the richer class maintains certain traditions, moral and intellectual—traditions of personal honor and public spirit, of artistic and literary cultivation—it may be discharging an

invaluable function, and its existence may be a necessary means of diffusing a higher civilization through the masses who have not the same advantage. Whatever employments of wealth contribute to make a man more efficient as an individual member of society, to strengthen his understanding and his perceptions, to widen his intellectual horizon and interest his sympathies, and the enjoyments which correspond to them, are not to be condemned as luxurious. They are, too, at present only within reach of the richer classes, ardently as we may hope that the power of partaking them may be extended as rapidly and widely as possible. But the growth of luxury, in the bad sense, is the indication that the class which should act as the brain of the social organism is ceasing to discharge its functions, and becoming what we call a survival. It is a kind of moral gout—an aristocratic disease showing that the secretions are becoming disordered for want of a proper application of the energies. It was in that sense, as I said before, that our grandfathers denounced the luxury which proved that the ruling classes, especially in France, had retained their privileges while abandoning the corresponding duties. If in England we escaped so violent a catastrophe, it was because, with all their luxuries and levities and shortsightedness, the aristocratic classes were still playing an active part, and, if not governing well, doing whatever was done in the way of governing. But every class, and every member of a class, should always remember that he may be asked whether, on the whole, he and his like can give any sufficient reason for his or their existence, and that he ought to be prepared with a satisfactory answer. When he has to admit that his indulgences are in the main what may be called luxuries in the bad sense, he may consider that he is receiving notice to quit.

This may suggest the last remark that I need make. It is impossible, I have said, to say definitely this is, and that is not, a luxury; and, in general,

that is not the way in which the question presents itself. We have rather to decide upon our general standard of life and to adopt a certain scale of living more or less fixed for us by our social surroundings. We can all do something towards rationalizing the habitual modes of expenditure and adapting the machinery to such ends as are worthy of intelligent and cultivated beings. So far as inclination is in the direction of vulgarity, of ostentatious habits, of multiplying idle ceremonies and cumbrous pomposities, we can protest by our own conduct, at least, in favor of plain living and high thinking. But so far as social life is really adapted to the advancement of intellect, the humanizing and refinement of our sympathies, it promotes an improvement which cannot but spread beyond the immediate circle. Even such pursuits, it is true, may incidentally become provocative of an objectionable luxury. A man who is a lover of art, for example, occasionally shuts himself out all the more from the average sympathies and indulges in pleasures, less gross but perhaps even more enervating than some which we should call distinctly sensual. The art, whether literary or plastic, which is only appreciable by the connoisseur is an art which is luxurious because it is on the way to corruption. Nothing is clearer in the vague set of guesses which pass for æsthetic theory than this: that to be healthy and vigorous, art must spread beyond cliques and studios, and express the strongest instincts and emotions of the society in which it is developed. This, I think, is significant of a general principle. Luxury is characteristic of a class with narrow outlook, and devoted to such enjoyments as are, by their nature, incapable of communication. Whenever the enjoyments are such as have an intrinsic tendency to raise the general standard, as well as to heighten the pleasure of a few, they cannot be simply stigmatized as luxurious. The old view of the responsibilities of wealth was chiefly confined to the doctrine that the rich man should give away as many of his super-



fluities as possible to be scrambled for by the poor, in order to appease the Fates. We have come to see that charity, though at present a necessary, should be regarded as a degrading necessity; and, therefore, not in the long run a possible alternative to luxury. Too often it is itself a kind of luxury as mischievous as selfish disregard to the natural consequences of our expenditure. The true direction of our wishes should rather be to direct social energies into such channels as have a natural affinity to public spirit. A man who really loves art because he has a keen sense of beauty, not because he wishes to have the reputation of a skilful collector, would surely try to beautify the world in which we all live, to get rid of the hideous deformities which meet us at every turn, and not simply to make a little corner into which he may retire for simple self-indulgence. A lover of truth should not be content, as some philosophers were forced to be content, with discussion in an esoteric circle, but should endeavor, now that thought is free, to stimulate the intellectual activity of all men, confident that the greater the number of investigators, the more rapid will be the advance of truth. I do not venture to suggest what special direction should be taken by those who have the privileges and responsibilities of great wealth. I have never had to consider that problem in any practical reference. Still, considering how vast a part they actually play in social development, how great is their influence, and how many people and enterprises seem to be in want of a little money, I cannot help fancying that a rich man may find modes of expenditure other than reckless charity or elaborate pampering of his personal wants, which would be not only more useful to the world, but more interesting to himself than many of the ordinary forms of indulgence. But I am only speaking of general tendencies, and have disavowed any capacity for laying down precise regulations. If I have stated rightly what is the evil properly attacked when we speak of luxury as vicious, it will,

I think, come mainly to this: that the direction in which we should look for improvement is not so much in directly prescribing any Spartan or ascetic system of life, as in cultivating in every one who possesses superfluities the sense of their implicit responsibility to his fellows which should go with every increase of wealth, and the conviction, not that he should regard pleasure as in itself bad, but that he should train himself to find pleasures in such conduct as makes him a more efficient member of the body corporate of society. If, indeed, there should be any man who feels that he has no right to superfluities at all while so many are wanting necessities, and should resolve to devote himself to the improvement of their elevation, I should say, in the first place, I fully and heartily recognize him to be one of the very large class which I regard as my superiors in morality, although, in the next place, I should insinuate that he is one of those heroes who, while they deserve all honor, cannot be taken as models for universal imitation, inasmuch as I cannot help thinking that the ultimate end is not the renunciation but the multiplication of all innocent happiness.

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MANETTE ANDREY; OR, LIFE DURING  
THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY PAUL PERRET.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

XV.

MANETTE, when in the cabriolet which was fast bearing her to the house of her uncle in the Rue de Bussy, which she had so often called the house of Judas, was trying to gain some control over her thoughts, and some idea of her own situation. Was it true? Could it be true that a man had done so much for her sake?

He was a man who was nothing to her; a man whom she could hardly call her friend. But he loved her! Oh! Claude, — dear Claude!

And she? — she had suffered him to love her. She had even put his professions to the test! Indeed — indeed she had never supposed he would attach so much meaning to her words!

She had not really thought he would interpret what she said so seriously — her sudden impulse, her imprudent speech — which had fallen from her in anger.

Her visit to his house that morning had been prompted by a desire to let him know, in her excitement, how little value she set upon the promises of a man who had dared to make love to another man's wife, when he knew her husband loved her.

As soon as she entered his house, beside herself with excitement, she had been told that he was in bed, and immediately she had responded: "Has he been asleep for a month?" She had hoped he would hear her. He would understand that her words meant: "I know you, Citizen Laverdac! I have no more delusions about you. You promised to remove out of my path the enemy who threatened me, and in so doing you would have saved Claude, who would not have been taken from me. Ah! what were your professions worth? I knew their value! I have always known!"

And then, even while she thought these thoughts, she had discovered that he had kept his dreadful promise. He had done the deed — for love of her!

Oh, Claude! oh, Claude! Was the man himself altered, or was it only that he had suddenly grown noble in your poor wife's eyes? Ah, Claude! you only have her heart; there is no room there for another. Happy or unhappy, free or in prison, living or dead, you will always be the only one beloved, — husband, lover, and friend!

"Madame," said old Brigitte, as she sat beside her, "perhaps it will be easier than you think to get back your husband. As for yourself, now that Buscaille is dead, unless you have some reason to fear another of those rascals —"

"But I have!" said Manette through her clenched teeth; "it was Buscaille who caused Claude's arrest, but Cilly had a hand in it. You know it."

"You did not tell this to your friends."

"Heaven forbid! Listen, Brigitte! The first time Cilly came to our house, trying to throw a thin veil over his intentions, threatening me, but not speaking clearly of his purpose, I made a vow. I said, 'If you take him away from me it will be death or life between us two.'"

"He might not carry things to the very end if —"

"If what he asks were granted him. But do you think that Claude would consent to be saved at such a price? Only perhaps I can still flatter the monster with hopes, and hold him back."

"You would have been too much at his mercy in our poor little house in the Rue de l'Echiquier. But why are you going to your uncle's?"

"For that reason, and for others. I was not quite sure if he would take me in. But I am certain now. Buscaille has disappeared, and Citizen Andrey has his share in the deliverance."

"Perhaps it will never be known who did the good deed and killed Buscaille. They may search and seek for him in vain."

"Whoever did it will not boast of his deed."

What she said was true. Laverdac was far from exulting over it. It was not Laurent de Laverdac who had made known to his visitor the service he had done her. It was little Emilie who spoke unconsciously.

The cabriolet stopped before the house in the Rue de Bussy. As the two women alighted more newspaper men were coming down the Rue de Thionville, formerly the Rue Dauphine. They were shouting: "Perfidious assassination of a distinguished citizen." Manette paused before her uncle's door. She suddenly remembered that she did not yet know how Buscaille had been murdered. Had he

met his death by a dagger or a club ? "Go quickly," she exclaimed to Brigitte, "and buy me one of those papers. Run. I will wait for you a little way down the alley."

The old woman came back with the paper. Manette slipped it into the pocket of her dress. Then both went up the dark staircase together. At the sound of the bell, a step was heard inside. It was that of Citizen Andrey ; but how much heavier it had grown during the last five months. Was it age ? or was it the effect of the continued pressure of fear ?

The old man opened the door. He and Manette stood facing each other. Citizen Andrey showed no surprise. A man who had led the life that he had done had ceased to be amazed at the unexpected. He put his finger to his lips. A chamber door that opened on the vestibule was ajar. It was Manette's former bedroom. He led the way into it. She followed him.

"Speak softly," he said, "your aunt is very ill."

"She will be worse when she knows what has happened to her son," said Manette pitilessly. "Claude is in prison."

"She will never know it. The man who has done his best to put him there sent me word, out of spite. But he will send me no more messages."

"Ah !" she cried, "then you know that too ? He at least has met what he deserved. You are glad of it ? It is a relief to you ?"

They were standing up facing each other. She saw that the past five months had told greatly on the old man. His body was bent ; in every way he had grown weaker, but the strangest change was in his face. Its expression, which had once been so hard, had grown soft now. Manette looked in vain for the reflection of a heart of stone that she had expected to see in his features.

It surprised her that Citizen Andrey seemed to feel no emotion, and except for the brief allusion to Buscaille's death, nobody would have imagined that he remembered the circumstances

under which she, who now returned to him, had left her home. He took her by both hands. Hers closed on his tightly.

"My poor Claude !" he said.

His eyes were wet with tears. Manette could hardly believe her own.

"My poor Nénette !" said the old man, calling her by the pet name he had given her when she was a baby, "I was expecting you. Perhaps not quite so soon. But I knew you would not stay yonder by yourself. You have come back to me without him who was to have been your husband."

"Who is my husband," broke in the young wife. "Do you think I could have lived with him five months if we had not been married ? Uncle, he brought a priest to the house who married us."

"Right — quite right. In past times a priest's blessing would have been absolutely necessary, but now it is best. You see, Manette, your room has been standing all ready waiting for you. Take heart. We will do our best to get our Claude out of the Prison of Pélagie."

"Then you know where those rascals have taken him, uncle ? You have been more fortunate than I. Thank you for telling me."

"Softly — softly !" said the old man, "you always speak too vehemently, Nénette. Ah, yes ; every one would like to call them hard names, only you see just now they are our masters. You speak too loud, your poor sick aunt will hear you. If she knew you were here it would give her a shock. So she must not know it. That can be easily managed, for she does not leave her bed. Poor thing ! she is dying."

Manette had almost uttered a cry of triumph when she heard this, but happily she restrained herself. Those times had hardened women's hearts, from the furies round the guillotine, to those of gentler nature. Was that day, she thought, to be one on which retribution was to fall on all who had caused her misery ? Buscaille, and then Claude's unnatural mother — all those who had worked together for

Claude's ruin—all but Cilly. Cilly was still as dangerous as ever.

"My aunt," she said, "is not the only person in these days who has been killed by fear."

Citizen Andrey, as she spoke, gave a start of surprise. There were harsh, cruel tones in her voice, such as he had never before heard there. They seemed to be an echo from his own tones in past times. The tie of blood was revealing itself.

Manette went on in the same voice: "Now that my aunt is so near her end, does she not ask for her son?"

"She asks for nothing now. Don't be cruel, Nénette. Her mind is gone. I was in great trouble about her, and I am glad you have brought with you this citizenne. What do you call her?"

"Brigitte, uncle."

Old Brigitte courtesied. "She has a most kind heart," said Manette, "and was devoted to Claude. We decided at once that she must come with me. But, uncle, what has become of your own woman from Picardy?"

"She went off the day before yesterday. She was a good girl when her head was not running upon Carmagnoles. She fell in love. She has married a *sectionnaire*. I believe she was married this morning. I dare say their love still lasts, but I am certain they will be fighting before night comes."

The old man laughed. It was a strange burst of gaiety. In the next chamber they heard groans and wails. Claude's unnatural mother was suffering on the other side of the partition. Manette thought it was just that she should suffer.

Citizen Andrey meanwhile was talking with Brigitte. 'Tis an ill wind that blows no good. The arrival of this good woman had brought him help in his trouble. He was saying that he was sure that if she was kind-hearted, as his niece said, she would willingly take charge of the sick woman. It could not be for long; nor was it to be wished. She would soon be out of her misery, poor soul!

Manette listened with surprise to the flow of words that came from the old man. The extraordinary change in him was rather amusing. Citizen Andrey had become kindly and talkative, when entering like other men into his second childhood. Fear had evidently had its effect upon him. This change, too, must be laid to the charge of those who reigned by right of their power to create fear. But at last Manette found its advantage, and the unexpectedly cordial and paternal welcome she had received was its result.

So she might live in peace in the home of her childhood, especially if the dying woman's life, that life which had brought so much misery to those of her own household, was soon to end. Here she might concentrate all her thoughts on the deliverance of Claude. She knew where he was now. She would try to see him.

Her old uncle took Brigitte off to look after the sick woman in the next chamber. Manette remained alone in her own room. Her habits of old returned to her. As she passed her mother's picture she looked up at it, as she had always done. How many thoughts did it awaken in her! Happy had been the times when the original of that portrait had lived. "Mother," she cried, "help the poor being, flesh of thy flesh, and blood of thy blood, whom thou didst bring into this troubled world, for her strength is nearly exhausted!"

Ah, no; that beautiful, serene, calm woman would not know how to help. Life to her had been only to be beautiful, to be loving, and beloved. She had not been formed to contend with danger. She had had no revulsions of feeling, she had had no strange conflicts in her heart, of which such revulsions of feeling were the cause.

A moment after, Manette was seated by the secretary near the window where she had been used to write to Claude. She leaned her elbows on the desk, as she had done formerly, and tears began to flow freely. Her eyes had been dry since Claude's arrest. How happy she had been when, seated

at that desk, she wrote and received Claude's letters! Then she had been sure that all her life would be passed in the companionship of that good and handsome fellow, who had always been to her like an elder brother, and who was to be her husband. How indignant she had been at the treatment he had suffered, — how eager she had been to become his wife, and to make up to him for his sorrows by the ardor of her tenderness!

Oh, Claude! Oh, Claude! how thy Manette loved thee in those days, loved thee for all the wrong done thee by thine unnatural parent, and she loves thee more than ever now that thou art in prison and unhappy, through no fault of thine.

She rose, for in the next room she heard piteous groans and wails. Then a murmur of voices. Citizen Andrey was giving instructions to the nurse sent him by Providence. He began to believe in Providence, now that his own strength was failing him. He was telling Brigitte what would be her duties.

Manette walked about her room, trying to fix her thoughts upon one subject, but in vain; they would wander in spite of herself. Claude! In that terrible night when he had been torn away from her, she had once more felt how truly she loved him. She loved him as much as ever, — as she would always love him — no one but him! — no one but him! She raised her hand as if to confirm this by an oath. Then, as her hand dropped, it fell against the folds of her dress, and she felt the newspaper she had quite forgotten.

Ah! that paper would tell her about the *other man* — that paper that Brigitte had purchased for her. She took it out of her pocket and unfolded it. Her hands trembled.

It was a roughly printed sheet. At its top in capital letters she read, *PERFIDIOUS ASSASSINATION*. Oh, yes; she knew all that. The "perfidious assassination" was in her eyes an act of justice, — a lawful execution. But the details? How had he done it? She looked further. Her eagerness

was so great that at first she failed to see the words. Yes; here it was. "Buscaille — a distinguished citizen — a sublime workman when important work was to be done" — yes, yes. "Sublime," indeed, the hideous dwarf! "He had said the night before at the section that the march of the Revolution was too slow, and that they must quicken it." Yes; of course what he meant was: they must kill! Well, he had had to that remark a speedy answer. "After the sitting he was returning to his quiet home, satisfied with having done his duty — A rascal, a *ci-devant*, lurking in the darkness." Now she was coming to it.

She read on; the paper fell from her hands. She closed her eyes.

"No dagger," she whispered. "Not a drop of blood! The strength of his hands was enough."

Then her lips curled. She gave a strange, noiseless laugh. She said to herself, "Why might not Claude have throttled Buscaille just as well as he? He is as strong. Ah! Buscaille was too weak an enemy to have resisted either of them!"

She was not surprised now that Citizen Laverdac made no boast of such a victory. And he had taken a whole month to bring it about. A whole month! and the delay had resulted in a misfortune that might be irreparable. No; the task had not been difficult, and it did small credit to him who had accomplished it — too late!

Why was it, then, that the man seemed greater and nobler in her eyes than he had ever done? Why should his dark and moody face hide another from her eyes — a face so kind, so tender, and so handsome. Oh, Claude! Claude!

How many things connected with that name she kept repeating. Self-reproaches, — oh, how keen! — fears, shame, and anguish. She was walking up and down her chamber. She struck herself against a chair, and dropped into it. Oh, Claude! Oh, Claude! She had a vague feeling that she, too, was a prisoner, for she seemed to have lost control over herself, she was all in



the dark,—the darkness of her own thoughts. Darkness seemed around her like the four walls of a prison. Sitting opposite her mother's portrait, she again addressed her: "Mother, you see that I have no more strength." Tears rolled down her cheeks so hot she fancied they must scald her.

She heard Citizen Andrey's step, as he came back from his wife's chamber. He came in quite cheerful, almost alert. In one hand he held his hat, adorned with its cockade, and provided with his certificate of civism. In his other hand he flourished his ivory-headed cane, which had replaced the gold-headed one of aristocratic days. His face lighted up with a faint smile,—a very faint smile. The smile was ashamed of itself, and barely touched his lips.

"Now, see," he said, "how things come all right of themselves. As your good Brigitte is sitting by your aunt's bed, I think a little fresh air would do me good."

"Ah!" said Manette, "you are not like Claude, uncle. You are no longer a prisoner."

"Our poor, dear Claude. Well, well, we must get him out of this scrape. Yes, I will go and take a little walk. I think I may; I have not been out of the house for two days."

"Are you going to take your daily stroll in the Luxembourg Garden? You were going there the day I left you. It was earlier than usual, you remember. How astonished you must have been when you got back not to find me!"

The old man gave a little dry laugh. "Yes," he said, "I remember. It was a sad surprise. But this time I am sure of seeing you on my return, my daughter. I shall not be gone long."

He turned upon his heel. Manette looked after him. "Yes," she whispered, "go." But these few words had been sufficient to remind her that that house had been to her the house of Judas.

And yet the cordial kindliness of her Uncle Andrey had, for the last hour, disarmed her resentment. Why had

he revived the memories of that dreadful day? Then he had sinned through selfishness, and he was selfish still, only his first sin had been a thousand times worse than the last. Fear had dominated him,—mean, cruel, and degrading fear, a sentiment which leaves no room for shame or pity. A man does not like to risk his life when things seem pleasant and prosperous; he wants time to enjoy his wealth and derive profit from his advantages. Might not Citizen Andrey be somewhat excused for having facilitated his brother's daughter's escape, when he might have delivered her over to the man who dared to covet her? Other persons had done worse. Husbands had denounced their wives, sons had sold their mothers. They were passing through cruel, dangerous, infamous times.

After all, it was not her uncle who had brought Buscaille into his house; he would have driven him out of it had he dared. How fear degrades a man! She saw him now, on her return, bent in body, weakened in mind; no doubt he had suffered when he thought of his own baseness. But the crime owed its origin to the woman still clinging to life in the chamber next to her. She had contrived it all, aided by that wretched servant. She had not only plotted against Claude's life, but his good name. Citoyenne Andrey had virtually said to the section, "My son is not a good patriot. We have driven him away from us. You who hold his life now in your hands must hold us blameless. Do with him what you will."

Claude's crime, in his unhappy mother's eyes, had been that in clubs and in the section he had often spoken; giving those who heard him to understand that popular tyranny was abhorrent to his conscience and his heart. By uttering these unpopular sentiments he had exposed himself to danger, and might draw it down also on the heads of his parents.

Claude had endured the treatment he received in silence. He had uttered no complaints. In the house whose

doors were shut on him he had left all that he loved, especially her who had been almost his sister, and was to be his wife. She had been indignant. She had suffered from the separation, not in silence, and in her letters she had sometimes said that if he willed it she would come and join him. He had generously counselled her not to attempt it. He had refused to accept her offer of herself. He had said: "Stay and be good to the poor woman who has lost her reason. She is my mother; bear with her for my sake."

Ah! how could she be good to her — that cruel mother! that mother who had put Claude's life in jeopardy, and then plotted to deprive him of the one thing that he loved? She had made a wicked compact with Buscaille, to ensure his protection for her own wretched life. And when the purchaser had come to make sure of his bargain, the woman he had bought was gone. How the *sans-culotte* must have laughed, and rubbed his hands, and said: "It will be easy enough to find her! One can make a good guess where she has gone!"

Then came the lucky blow on Buscaille's head, and the dwellers in the Rue de l'Echiquier had for a time had peace. Then Cilly had appeared, more dangerous than Buscaille.

All the misfortunes that had darkened the life of Manette she owed to the cowardice and selfishness of that unhappy woman.

As Manette thought over these things it seemed to her as if she must confront the dying woman. She had been told she must not see her. She found that her uncle had even locked the door leading into her chamber, but there was a door of communication between her own chamber and the sick-room. It was locked, and the key was gone. But Manette remembered having locked it herself the day before her departure, and having hidden the key in a drawer. She found it. She held it in her hand. She put it in the lock. The door creaked slightly as she opened it. She stood on the threshold of her aunt's room.

When she was little she had been used to play there. She remembered, as if it were yesterday, the fair, kind face of a woman with powdered hair, who sat in an easy-chair watching her with a smile, as she played about the room. Sometimes a big boy would run in with his fingers daubed with ink, and would put his arm round his mother's neck, meaning thereby to induce her to pardon him for having run away from his lessons. Then the mother would call Manette, and passing her arms round both her children, would draw them together. Madame Andrey (nobody said *citoyenne* in those days) was fond of telling everybody: "I have two children, both equally dear to me."

Who would have predicted to Claude and Manette that the day would come when that mother would see in them only a menace to herself, and that with the beauty of the girl, and the life of the boy, she would attempt to make a bargain to save her own grey head? Away with such reflections! To think of things like that impaired the desire for justice.

In fifteen years no furniture had been altered in that large chamber, and it looked precisely as it had done five months before. While *Citoyenne* Andrey's character had changed, her habits had suffered no alteration. The easy-chair stood in the same window; on a low seat near it lay her knitting. Only the India muslin curtains were drawn close, that as little light as possible might find its way into the alcove, where, on a bed, lay the sick woman.

This alcove was at the end of the room, and so situated that Manette, as she stood in the doorway, could not see the person lying in the bed. A wailing voice she heard, however. She took a step forward, then stepped back to the threshold.

In a huge bed lay the *Citoyenne* Andrey, crooning to herself. The opening of the door had let a flood of light into the dim chamber. Manette, where she stood, seemed bathed in sunshine. A ray from the brilliant July sun played

on the carved woodwork, and the eyes of the dying woman followed it. For a moment they recovered some of their lost intelligence. She was singing, with her little thread of voice that quavered and trembled, an old psalm tune.

She, too, had in that hour gone back in thought to her old life. Manette knew that her childhood had been passed in the western provinces. Citizen Andrey had first met her on the banks of the Loire, the river which rolls in waves of silver between green shores and greener islands. Afterwards he met her again in Paris, a young widow, still handsome, and had married her. On the confines of Brittany and Anjou religion has always maintained its hold on the hearts of the people. The strife going on there in this year, 1793, was less for the king than for God himself.

The dying woman was calling to mind the pious chants of her youth in her last hour, even as the Breton peasants died with psalms upon their lips, when, singing, they rushed up to the mouths of cannon; their guns in one hand and their rosaries in the other.

She had been earnestly on God's part years before. God in all likelihood would have preserved her reason had she continued faithful to him.

As Manette stood on the threshold, Brigitte, sitting beside the bed, could see her, and regarded her with some surprise. The old servant had not forgotten that Citizen Andrey had forbidden his niece to enter the sick-chamber. He had said: "Your aunt must not know you are here." Manette put her finger on her lips, and closed the door behind her.

The room was dark again, and the sad song ceased. Manette's emotion of pity had now passed away. Her voice rose clear and sharp in the dark chamber.

"Aunt! Repentance for the evil you have done would avail you more than singing psalms. You have still time for repentance. Aunt, do you know what you have done for your son? Claude is in prison."

She stood as she spoke beside the alcove.

The dying woman rose up in her bed; her poor, lean arms waved wildly in the air, then dropped upon the coverlet. Her head slipped on her pillow. With her last breath she uttered a low wail.

Brigette was frightened, and leaned over her.

"Madame," she cried, "what have you done? I think she is dead."

"I will try to pray for her," said Manette, sinking on her knees, "and you, my poor Brigitte, pray for me,—pray for me!"

#### XVI.

"YOUR letter, which, when I saw your dear writing, my beloved Manette, I thought could only bring me happiness, brought me news of a great sorrow. I seem to have been born under an unlucky star. I remember only the love and tender care that my poor mother gave me in my childhood; and, alas! it seems as if I must have made her little return. Now she is gone!

"Ah! dear Manette, try not to think that if I had followed your advice, and preferred domestic life to my duty to my country, my fate might have been happier. I have courage to endure it as it is. You can bear me witness that when they came to take me, in the name of the law, I submitted to the arrest with firmness. Ah, but it was cruel to separate me from a wife so lovely, so beloved!

"Thanks to a generous citizen, I have been allowed at last to receive your letters. You see that these lines in answer to yours are dated at Sainte Pélagie, where I am still. Ah, it is hard, my love, to be in prison! But, Manette, when I came here it was with a heavy heart. I had been suffering for some time before from the change in you. I had been saying to myself: 'She is no longer my tender, loving Manette. What can have happened to turn her heart from me!' No, dearest, I am not going to reproach you. Your letter has made amends to me for all. I know now that you do not forget

me, and though I no longer see you we seem nearer to each other than we had been for some weeks. Ah, for two weeks I was here without even news of you. Long, weary weeks they were !

"Forgive me for paining you by my complaints. It is the effect of being shut up in prison. The heart grows bitter, and feelings are expressed without one's usual self-restraint. I could bear my imprisonment if I thought my misfortune would win me back your love, and serve the public welfare. I try to be patient. I think I shall be stronger in spirit when I leave these walls, and my release may come any day. I have not been interrogated. Perhaps I shall not be ; but my replies to any questions they may ask are all ready. I shall tell them the truth, and if a man speaks truth he cannot be embarrassed by any examination.

"Do you know that seals were put on our poor little home after you left it ?—and you were quite right in doing so, and in going to the protection of our uncle—my second father. The seals have been taken off and my papers searched. One thing they found which has caused me some uneasiness. It was a note from Laya, which has given them the impression that I was intimate with him. You know that Laya is the author of a play condemned as unpatriotic and anti-revolutionary during the trial of the late ex-king. I shall tell them that Laya and I were certainly acquainted with each other, for his mother was my mother's friend. We were boys together, but I can prove that we had not had any intercourse for some time before he wrote this '*L'Ami des Lois*,' which was thought to reflect on Citizen Robespierre. When he wrote it he was tied to a woman's apron-strings. He was living with a woman who made him do anything she chose. I kept out of such company, thinking only of my dear Manette.

"I am writing a memorial to be addressed to the Committee of Public Safety. I will try to send a copy of it to Citizen Andrey. You must both read it, and may make such changes in

it as you think proper. I do not ask you to try to come to see me here in prison. You could not do it. Citizen Andrey must be aware of the prohibition of all visits by the Commune. They have taken from us our greatest consolation. Hope only remains to us. I know now that you are thinking lovingly of your unhappy Claude. But I had never really doubted it ; and you can write to me.

"To receive and to answer your letters will give me some moments of happiness. I put many kisses on this paper which will be opened by you.

"CLAUDE CEZARON."

Manette read this letter once, twice, three times. But when she thought of Claude's love for his mother, and how she had hastened her death, she could not take his kisses.

Seated by her bureau she spread out the letter on the desk, and her eyes wandered over its pages. They fell on several passages which opened old wounds, and resuscitated old regrets. Her brow clouded. "When they came to take me in the name of the law," he wrote, "you saw me submit to my arrest with courage." Alas, it was true ; but why did he not remonstrate or resist ? He seemed to consider it his duty to accept injustice. He had shown passive courage, but not righteous anger, no fierce hatred of oppression, which would have drawn their two hearts closer to each other.

And even now, in prison, suffering, and separated from all he loved (she knew well how much he loved her), nothing could rouse him. "I could bear it all," he wrote, "if I thought that it would win me back your love, or be for the welfare of my country." What nonsense ! That talk about his country amounted to a mania. Two feelings in his visionary heart struggled for mastery, and he knew not how fatal to his happiness the struggle between them had become.

Some one knocked at the door. Some one called "Manette !"

It was Citizen Andrey. But he was not alone. A woman's voice, which

she heard at the same moment, made her start and tremble. It was Emilie. At the very moment when she was thinking only of her husband who was in prison, this unexpected visitor had come to remind her of another.

"Come in," she said.

Citizen Andrey had received Citoyenne Laverdac. He had never before seen her, but they knew each other at once. The good man was eagerly showing in this friend, who had come to see Manette in time of trouble, and was radiant at the thought of how pleased his niece would be at her coming. The two women kissed each other.

"Laurent came with me," said Emilie. "I should not have dared to come alone. He has gone to the Garden of the Luxembourg, not knowing if you would like to see him. He is to come for me in an hour."

"Brigette will look out for him and let you know when he is here," said Manette coldly. "M. de Laverdac must not be seen entering this house, which is under suspicion. Perhaps you ought not to have ventured into it; but then, you are a woman."

Emilie looked at her with surprise. This was not what she had expected.

"Do you mean to say," she said, "that you think he might compromise himself by one visit to you?"

"I am the Citoyenne Cézaron, and my husband is in prison."

"That cannot be for long. I know you hope for his release; and when Citizen Cézaron comes home, then —"

"Yes," answered Manette, "when Claude comes back to us, the danger will be over."

"Just so," said Citizen Andrey, "I have been telling my niece all this morning that the letter she has received from the poor fellow is encouraging. Manette, won't you read it to your friend?"

"No," said the young wife decidedly.

Emilie smiled. "One does not read a loving husband's letter even to one's best friend," she said. "Citizen Andrey, what could you be thinking of?"

Then the old man began to tell her at great length how he had contrived to get letters to and from Claude. He, who had been once so chary of his words, had now grown garrulous, and his narrative seemed like a tangled skein, the right end of which it was hard to find. He said, too, he was in no hurry, and that he had several things to tell that Manette did not know.

"Then tell me, uncle."

Monsieur Andrey had formerly had relations with Choudieu, who was now deputy from the department of Maine et Loire. But Citizen Choudieu had only been passing through Paris, having been appointed a delegate to the armies that were fighting in La Vendée. All he could do was to give his old friend a few lines to Citizen Boucher Saint Sauveur, the Parisian deputy, who lived in the Rue du Vieux Colombier. The visit paid by Citizen Andrey in consequence of that note to Boucher Saint Sauveur, had resulted in nothing. The deputy told him that he never meddled in other people's affairs, being occupied solely with the mighty march of the Mountain. But, happily, Citizen Grégoire, whose clerk Claude had been, had been more than willing to put his friend Andrey in communication with Citizen Coupé, a man who, before the Revolution, had been an ecclesiastic — a *curé* in the Ile de France — but that was a thing not to be mentioned now. Citizen Coupé had put many questions to Citizen Andrey. "What were you and your nephew before the Revolution? Why didn't you perceive in time that it was the right thing to turn Jacobins? Look at me, I was in rebellion against the sovereign of the universe, — that is, the human race; and against nature, its law-giver. But I found out my error, and early put myself on the side of those two divinities. Follow my example." And thereupon the renegade showed the visitor the door.

Little Emilie laughed heartily, not that there was much to laugh at. But the funny way in which Citizen Andrey told of his rebuffs seemed to



amuse her mightily. "My dear," she whispered to her friend, "how came you to tell me that your uncle was reserved and severe? He is a man with a kind heart, who would not do an ill turn to any one."

Citoyenne Laverdae did not know to what the old man was indebted for the change she found in him. He went on:—

Citizen Grégoire, finding he was checkmated at every step, and well disposed to serve him, had then taken him to the Citizen Momoro, vice-president of the department; and Citizen Momoro had sent him to Citizen Bazire, and he was the right one.

"At last!" cried little Emilie, who tried to stop laughing, for she saw that Manette was not pleased by her gaiety.

Citizen Bazire belonged to the Convention, and to the Committee of Public Safety. He listened with kindly interest to the old man pleading for one who was almost his son; he had even tears in his eyes. Bazire was all for fraternity. It was he who had proposed that all citizens should use "*thee*" and "*thou*" to each other—*tutoiement* being a sign of brotherhood; so he said to Citizen Andrey as he gave him the fraternal *accolade*: "Thy course is a just one. I will give it my attention. The citizen, thy nephew, shall receive permission to write to his wife, and to receive letters from her. The Revolution feels it to be its duty to respect love and nature."

"Pshaw!" cried Manette, "always that talk about nature."

"And about love as they conceive it," said Emilie. "We know what that is. They separate wives from their husbands. When I think that they might even take Laurent from me. They, however, seem to permit the wives of prisoners to love and marry other men. They call that liberty. I call it abominable!"

"Ah, well!" said M. Andrey, unconscious of the possible effect of his words, "sometimes you know wives and husbands may be glad of the chance to make a change."

"Not when the wife or husband they have loved is unhappy, and possibly in danger," cried Manette, shuddering. "So that is the way the Revolution would treat marriage—and then they wonder that all women should combine to hate it!"

"All true women," cried Emilie, "all who are really women. Laurent is always telling me that women take no part in the Revolution. The creatures who do so are the females of the men."

"There, there, my pretty ones—don't excite yourselves, but listen to me. I have not told you all yet. This morning I went again to see Citizen Bazire, who lives in the Rue des Piques, formerly Rue Louis le Grand. The good citizen told me, with a sort of laugh, that he had found out that our Claude's offence was not a capital one."

"Ah!" cried Emilie, "how glad I am. God is good!"

"And Citizen Bazire, too," added Manette, in a low voice.

"True," said the old man. "He told me that the Committee of Public Safety, did not think it desirable to authorize visits to the prisoners at present. We could not, therefore, go and see Claude at Pélagie, but meantime we must do all in our power to get him out of prison. The citizen deputy advised me to apply to the citizen president of the Section Poissonnière—"

"Cilly!" cried Manette, turning as pale as marble. He recommended that to you. You must not go near Cilly, uncle!"

"I shall not be obliged to. Citizen Grégoire, who knew him once, is to undertake the visit. It seems that Cilly is a *ci-devant*."

"He is a renegade, the worst of traitors, the most wicked, the most infamous of them all! Go straight to Grégoire, uncle. Tell him he must not go on our part to see that monster!"

Exhausted by her vehemence, she dropped back into her chair. Emilie, frightened at this burst of anger, leaned over her, begging her to calm herself.

Poor Uncle Andrey stood by amazed and useless. Manette soon recovered her self-possession.

Pushing Emilie aside, she rose.

"Well—be it so, then," she said. "Do as you will, uncle. Let Citizen Grégoire go and call upon ex-vicomte Cilly. You will lose nothing by not going yourself for the *ci-devant* ex-vicomte will come to see you. You will know what he is then!"

"All right," said the old man, "and now that you are reasonable, I will go and take a little rest."

"Not," said little Emilie, "till you have told Brigitte to watch for Citizen Laverdac, who is not to come in."

"No—no!" cried Manette. "Less now than ever. You do not know—"

The two women remained alone together.

"We have only a few minutes," said Emilie, "Laurent will be coming. I think he would have been glad to see you for a moment."

"No—he must not come here. I have already said so. I feel more sure than I did an hour ago. Why do you oblige me to repeat it? I should repay M. de Laverdac very ill for what he has done for me already, if I were to expose him to a fresh danger."

"Danger?" cried Emilie—"danger to Laurent? I suppose I do not understand you. You seem to intimate that some danger may threaten Laurent connected with this Cilly. I never heard you mention him before. Laurent has never seen him."

"He has seen him in company with Claude several times; for instance, on that accursed evening which we passed at the Theatre de la Republique."

"Yes," said Emilie, "you may well call it an accursed evening. Buscaille, after that, never ceased to track you. He was waiting for the moment when he could take his revenge; but for that evening Citizen Claude might be here now."

"It was not Buscaille who caused Claude's arrest. It was that Cilly, working in secret. Cilly was behind Buscaille. Can't you understand why that man desires to punish me? It is

because I drove him from my house when he came there to insult me. He told me he would be the ruin of all who loved me!"

"I understand," said Emilie, whose rosy lips were blanched. "Laurent is one of them."

"Citizen Laverdac, you, Citizen Grégoire, my uncle—all," said Manette, with a great effort. "My uncle is old, he is growing weak and childish, but that is no reason to spare him. Yet perhaps they might let him pay a ransom. Citizen Andrey is rich. But I expect anything wicked from Cilly. You seemed surprised that I had never mentioned him. I'll tell you why. The day that he first dared to threaten me, and asked the price I need not name, to ensure Claude's safety, I said to myself: 'If you take him from me it shall be death or life to you or me.' You heard me just now. At first I rejected all help from such a man. I knew the value of his promises, and then you saw that I changed my mind. I remembered my vow. Between Cilly and me the fight must now begin. If any one should want to take part in it on my side because I am the weaker, he would simply do so to his own ruin; and would help neither Claude nor me. I am telling you this as a secret. Remember!—if your husband knew it. Citizen Laverdac is generous."

"Especially when anything concerns Manette Cézaron," cried Emilie, "for he loves her."

"Indeed!" said Manette, and her hands trembled, "I don't know what you mean."

"Hush! Don't I know that you have been in all his thoughts ever since he saw you? It is not your fault if you are handsomer than I; besides, you are a stronger character, you have an air of command. People fear you, even while they love you. I understand all that. What am I in comparison with you? He has the tenderness for me that men feel for little children. The place I hold in his heart is so small that you have taken possession of his love without driving me from it. I had only a little corner, and I stay

there. He has been always very kind and very good to me, he loves me all he can—but you! Do you know he will die if he does not see you?”

“Oh, hush!” cried Manette; “you say dreadful things.”

“Oh! I tried to deceive myself as to the cause of his unhappiness ever since the day when you came to our house with the terrible news: ‘Claude is arrested!’ After you went Laurent gave way to a burst of anger such as I never saw in him before. He walked up and down our rooms, uttering broken words. Then he cried: ‘All for nothing! All of no use! Oh, the mockery of fate!’ He was thinking of Buscaille, whose death had come too late to be of use to you. I could see his heart was torn because he could not help you. I tried to calm him. I did so at last by caresses and soothing words. After that he became so depressed—so silent. I had rather have seen him angry. Whole days he has sat in his armchair, with not a word, only sometimes a groan. When I bent over him he would always press my hands, and sometimes he would kiss me. Ah! you need not be jealous of those kisses. He would look at me so strangely, but his eyes would tell me nothing. They seem always fixed on some mysterious distant object. It seemed to me he could not see anything else. What was it? It must have been your image. It could only have been you. This morning I found him weeping. It was more than I could bear. I said, ‘How much you suffer now that you cannot see her. Come, we will go to her new home; perhaps she will receive you.’ He answered only by a sigh. We came; but you would not let him—”

“No,” said Manette. “No; I ought not. Do not urge it. Do not ask me.”

The door opened; Brigitte looked in and said the Citizen Laverdac was below. She had spoken to him out of the window, and had asked him to wait.

“Must I go back to him and make him desperate?” said Emilie. “What shall I say to him?”

“That he has wrong thoughts, and must get rid of them. That reason and duty require him— Oh, what can I tell you? You know what to say.”

“Suppose he promises to be very good, and never to say a word about what he feels for you?”

“Not even on this condition. I cannot! I will not! Never!”

“Ah!” cried Emilie, “you fear him too much, then,— that proves you love him.”

She almost ran out of the room. Manette was left to ask herself if all poor Emilie’s humble, loving, generous confession might not have been a *ruse* to draw her secret from her. Ah! how carefully she had guarded it almost to the end.

She went to the window. Possibly as she raised the curtain and looked towards the Rue de Seine she thought, “Death under the waters of that river would be the happiest fate for us all.”

She walked back to her chair. Emilie and Laverdac had disappeared. She had not seen them. Nay; they had better live,” she said. “I shall lose my life for Claude. She will be happy after I am gone, if her Laurent is still living.”

Citizen Laverdac could not guess that the Citoyenne Cézaron was by her apparent severity doing her best to save his life, and shield him from the suspicions of an enemy. He did not know what danger threatened him; if he had, he would probably have implored her not to concern herself about his safety. He was proud and he was brave. She knew what he had done to deliver her from Buscaille. He might do the same by Cilly. But she must now consider how to appease the tiger himself. Cilly might spare Laverdac if he found he had ceased to see her. If she could save Laverdac, what mattered it if he considered her ungrateful?

She would rouse herself. It was time to be strong, and not indulge weak fancies. She had work to do. She must not give way to thoughts that might make her incapable of action. The next day she would probably con-

front Cilly. She must look to her arms.

She felt sure it was the *sans-culotte* ex-viscomte who had put into Bazire's head the advice he had given to Citizen Andrey. She had heard Claude speak of Bazire as a man of pleasure and intrigue, a man suspected of putting his fingers into the public purse, and of selling his votes to speculators. The renegade of the old regime and the pilfering politician of the new, no doubt could understand each other. Cilly might easily have gained over Bazire to co-operate in his iniquity. He had drawn up the plan of campaign. A visit to Citizen Andrey would follow after the visit of Citizen Grégoire. The revolutionary magnate would come with all the ceremony and the manners of a *ci-devant*. He would say as Buscaille had said: "May I not hope to see the handsome citoyenne?"

Then he would probably feel much surprise; for the "handsome citoyenne" would not treat him as she had done Buscaille. She would receive him graciously. She must tempt him into her snare. Citizen Cilly would probably hardly believe his ears when she should beg him to repeat his visit. And the house in the Rue de Bussy would then be open to him whenever he came. It would not be as it had been in the Rue de l'Echiquier. There she was alone all day, and at his mercy. Now she had her uncle. She would find ways to flatter him, she would put up with the insult his very presence would seem to her.

But she must make him understand that the first step in the business must be to free Claude. If she acted her part well she might gain time. If Cilly asked for promises she would give them. If he required an oath (he who over and over again had perjured himself) she would take it.

Ah! with what delight she would turn on him and break oaths and promises, as soon as the prisoner should be safely in her hands! Once free, Claude could be got out of Paris, or concealed within it. When Claude was safe how she would tear off her

mask, and fling it in the face of the man who had made her seem to consent to his infamous bargain! How she would cry out: "I promised, I am ready to pay. But my payment is my head for my husband's freedom! You will get no other payment. Take the alternative! And you may be sure I shall make no effort to save my own life. I have done with it. You are welcome to it; take it away!"

The day went on. It was an afternoon in July, close and storm-laden. The young wife, as the sun went down, opened a window. She seated herself by it, thankful for a breath of air that was not stifling, and strengthening her courage for the coming conflict. She was thinking only of that. It was her sole thought now.

Perhaps it might be best to be beforehand with the enemy—to accompany M. Andrey when he went to see the ex-viscomte. Cilly would fancy at once that she came to tender him her submission. He might be the more easily deceived. He would be delighted that he had at last reduced her to supplication.

Why should not she? The sooner the fight began, the sooner Claude would be at liberty.

But Brigitte, hurrying into the room, disturbed her meditations. The old woman was as pale as death.

"Madame," she cried, "listen!"

Night was coming on. The street was filled with torchlight. Lighted torches were shaken in the hands of men who were running towards the little opening formed by the junction of the Rue des Fossés-St.-Germain with the Rue Mazarine, and the Rue Dauphine, recently re-named the Rue de Thionville. A loud roar preceded the appearance of a mob which was turning out of the first of these streets. Women marched in front uttering loud cries and furious curses. Manette at first distinguished but one word, but that word was a name of terror. It was a name that, wherever it was spoken, filled the hearts of honest men with fear. Old Brigitte trembled as she uttered it.

"It seems that Marat is dead," she said. "Somebody has killed him. Ah, many a good man's life will pay for this. *Mon Dieu!* do you hear them? They are coming. And Citizen Andrey is out of doors!"

"Is my uncle out?" said Manette. "Then we must run down and try to fetch him in. Which way did he go?"

Her words died on her lips. Citizen Andrey had, fortunately for him, been able to get back to his own house before the mob filled the street. He stood before her, and this time also he was not alone.

"I met Citizen Laverdac just outside the house," he said. "I was introduced to him this morning, and I begged him to come in and take refuge. Was I right, my dear Nénette?"

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From Temple Bar.

#### AN ANTIQUARY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

LINCOLNSHIRE has long been the Cinderella of our counties. The thousands of tourists who saunter every year by the canals or the polders of Holland never dream of devoting a few days to the attractions of antiquity and scenery in this, the corresponding district of England. Yet it has charms which must arrest the attention of the most indifferent spectator. The conjoined majesty of the position and the beauty of the outline of its minster are without parallel at home or abroad. In Stamford the shire possesses a town as attractive in history and appearance as any in England or in Normandy, and just outside its limits is the mansion of Burghley, which for picturesqueness of structure and beauty of contents contests the palm of superiority with any of the "stately homes" of our land. The churches between Spalding and Long Sutton cannot be surpassed in interest even in Somerset, and the castle of Tattershall excels the secluded structure of Hurstmonceux as a specimen of mediæval brickwork. The lanes and fens would furnish the botanical student with many a new specimen of

plant life, the ornithologist would revel in the discovery and enumeration of the countless migrants from other climes that take shelter within its limits every year, and Schevevingen or Ostend themselves cannot show finer sands or a keener air than can be enjoyed at Skegness. It is little to the credit of Englishmen that a cruel neglect should have fastened on the whole of these objects. The country lacks an adequate history; the story of the minster or Jews'-houses at Lincoln has not been given to the world by a competent chronicler. Birds and plants still want their bard, and it was only within the last year or two that Mr. Murray thought it desirable to include a "Handbook to Lincolnshire" among the red-covered volumes of Albemarle Street.

Amid scenes like these, and with such ecclesiastical associations, William Stukeley, the typical antiquary of the eighteenth century, had his origin and passed some of his happiest days. He was born at Holbeach in 1687. His grandfather, a man ready in repartee and skilled in sport, spent so much time in the society of the magnates around him that his expenses outran his income, and he was forced to alienate no inconsiderable slice of his estate. His father practised in the law at Holbeach, where his ancestors had lived for many generations, and there he acted the part of the "Man of Ross." Under his direction new houses were built in the town, trees were planted in its suburbs, and large tracts of marshland were reclaimed from the sea. Sometimes we may well think his zeal outran his discretion. "The old stonework, and arched doors, and windows with mullions" of the old hospital of John of Kirton were pulled down, and many of the carved stones were used for the foundations of his new buildings. But on the whole his influence was for good, and though a warm Churchman he preached toleration for Dissent, saying: "the surest way to lessen its numbers was to leave them to their own way; the Truth needed not and never would gain Pros-



elytes by force, nor lose by Lenity and good usage."

With such progenitors Stukeley might be content, but like most other Englishmen he hankered after a grand pedigree. He "retrieved" from the Goths at Great Stukeley the fine brass of "Sir Nicholas de Styvecle," which had been wrenched from the stone in the church, thinking it "a necessary piece of piety towards my great progenitor to preserve what remained," and his correspondents flattered him with visions of descent from the Stukeleys of Devonshire, one of whom had the effrontery to address Queen Elizabeth as "our dear sister," while another entrapped the proud spirit of his kinsman, Sir Walter Raleigh.

A slight incident formed the basis of Stukeley's subsequent life. He received instructions from his father, with whom he was keeping the court of Gedney Manor, "to take out the old inscription cut upon the south door of the Church" — it runs as follows: *Pax Xti sit huic domui et omnibus habitantibus in ea. Hic requies nostra* — "and the inscription upon the fine old tomb of the Welbys, an antient and worthy Family in these parts related to us; and my dexterity at it made him commend me, which probably was the first seeds of my love of Antiquity." With pardonable vanity he dwells upon his "mighty knack of drawing with the pen," which enabled him to surpass all his "Cotemporary imitators," and to surprise his schoolfellows with a map of a small journey in Lincolnshire. His feelings on beholding a small hill in his native county were like those of Cowper when he passed into Sussex and beheld the line of South-downs which White of Selborne dignified with the title of mountains. "I felt an uncommon pleasure," says Stukeley, "when I was mounting these hills, the primitive face of the Earth, and turned my back on the low country which I esteemed only as the leavings of the ocean and Artificial Ground."

As a schoolboy Stukeley learned to dance "among the other young Fry of the Town," and to play on the flute,

an amusement which proved "serviceable to my health," for his lungs were naturally weak, and he was in danger of consumption. Once, like many another boy before and since, he played truant and absconded for two or three days, and many times a year he would "goe a simpling" with a local apothecary; and as he knew a "pretty many plants," these expeditions laid the foundation of his love of the study of physic. His first visit to London was in June, 1701, when he saw his first play, the "Yeoman of Kent," and attended the launch of the Royal Sovereign at Woolwich; but found his chief delight in frequenting the booksellers' shops which then abounded in Little Britain and St. Paul's Churchyard. He was again in London in 1703, and slept in his father's chambers at Staple Inn on the night of that great storm which then "o'er pale Britannia passed;" but his boyish slumbers were so sound, after his inspection of the lions of London, that he "never took notice of it."

In November, 1703, Stukeley was admitted "pensioner" in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; and it is characteristic of the youth that he had not been there a month before he made a map of the whole town. Stephen Hales, a newly elected fellow of the college, who afterwards became one of the best-known scientific students in England, and as the active parish priest of Teddington was praised by Pope and sneered at by Horace Walpole, at once employed him to design an orrery. His tutor enlisted his services to draw a leaf or two "out of the most antient printed book of Scripture history in sculpture," for the benefit of John Bagford, the shoemaker, whose enormous collections on printing are among the manuscript treasures of the British Museum. While Stephen Gray, the earliest "propagator of electricity," often came to the college and in the presence of such young enthusiasts in science "try'd his electrical experiments then in their infancy," Stukeley was immersed in the study of physic, he knew "all the lads and them

only in the University" that were similarly bent, and with them he "took frequent herbarizing walks many miles round Cambridg," armed with "Candleboxes" and the catalogue of the lovable John Ray, the father of English natural history. No dangers from an anti-vivisection society were before their eyes, and they, "began to steal dogs and dissect them, and all sorts of animals that came in their way." They "hunted after Butterflies, dissected frogs," and arranged fixed meetings in their rooms to try "Chymical experiments, cut up Dogs, cats, and the like."

Though Stukeley took care not to neglect his studies, he did not disdain the lighter pleasures of youth. Hales and another collected money to "make the cold bath about a mile and a half out of Town," and the youth soon learnt to swim "in Freshmens and Sophs pools, as they are called, and some time in Paradise, reckoning it a Beneficial Exercise." When September, 1704, came, and brought with it the glories of Sturbridge Fair—a scene of business and pleasure, which then had no equal in England, and abroad was only surpassed by the book fair of Leipsic and the marvellous collections of Novogorod—his relations came to see him. Together they sauntered down the long rows of booths, examined the piles of cloth or cutlery, marvelled at the beauty of the hops, which were brought there by water from Kent; and in the evening, as Farmer, the master of Emmanuel College, and Dr. Johnson did nearly a century later, shuddered in sympathy, or shook with laughter at some of the best acting of the day. He learnt French from a refugee, no doubt a Huguenot, and designed to learn Italian, as he was fired with the ambition of seeing Rome, but his hopes were dashed to the ground. Possibly there was no instructor of that language at Cambridge. Agostino Isola—grandfather of the sweet little orphan who a century later was adopted by Charles and Mary Lamb—did not come for two generations after that period. When in London Stukeley

learned to fence, "and became a considerable proficient at it."

While he was at Cambridge his friends "first learnt him to smoke Tobacco" in a visit which they made to his chambers. He found it to agree pretty well with him, and as it was "fashionable" among the students, he continued the practice, more especially as it carried off "some of the superfluous humidity of my constitution," and might prove a preservative against "the infection of distempers and the stink of animals we dissected." What ever might be its value, it could not ward off, nor indeed did Stukeley wish that it should, the dangers of the small-pox. He caught the epidemic in the summer of 1706, and probably was the first sufferer who was ever pleased with the danger, for he "was seized with it much to his joy and satisfaction, for he had often expressed the desire of having the distemper considering the Profession he had undertaken."

A terrible fatality seemed to attend Stukeley's relations at this time: a little sister, but a few months old, faded away at the close of 1705. His father went to London in February, 1706, and spent one of the last nights of his life in "company with Mr. Whichcot and Mr. Bertie, knights for the shire, who treated him and some more Gent. with Burton ale," but was the first to break up the gathering. A day or two after he was seized with a violent pleurisy, and was "blooded and blistered," with the result that he died of the sickness at the age of forty-nine. His father's elder brother could not recover from the blow, and died three weeks later. Stukeley's mother received such a shock to her system that she fell into a dangerous illness and died in July, 1707. For some weeks before her death she prophesied that one of her children would soon follow her to the grave, and used to repeat that "all her dreams which she thought portended Death, were Double as she expressed it." At the very instant that she passed away her second son, coming out of the garden, saw the

vision of a lady all in white descending the stairs, who eluded his eager inquiries by vanishing into space. Before a month was out he, too, a youth of but seventeen years old, was dead. Stukeley himself was ill, and many of those about him predicted his speedy removal, but he "resolved to live, and deceive them all," and in a few months he recovered.

Year after year Stukeley went up to Cambridge, and always pursued the same course. Once he made a "handsome skeleton" (the spelling and phrase are both his own) of the bones of an old cat. At another time he "skeletonised" several different sorts of birds, and throughout the winter of 1705 he attended the "chymical lectures of Seignor Vigani, at his laboratory in Queen's College." The practices of his set were neither so cleanly nor so pleasant as could be desired. He does not shrink from putting on record that "I and my associates often dined upon the same table as our dogs lay upon. I often prepared the pulvis fulminans, and sometimes surprized the whole College with a sudden explosion. I cur'd a lad once of an ague with it by a fright."

The time at last came for Stukeley to think of taking his degree. He threw off his "ragged Sophs Gown and commenced Harry Soph as it's there styled," technical terms which are duly explained in the amusing if somewhat discursive pages of Mr. Christopher Wordsworth's volumes on the universities in the last century. He took his bachelor of physic's degree in January, 1708, and kept his act in January, 1709, on the interesting subject *concoctio cibi in ventriculo non fit per menstruum*—the digestion of food in the stomach is not completed by a special fluid. His "father" (the words are used in an academical sense) "opened the dispute in a jocular speech," chaffing the poor postulant on his dissecting the old man of Holbeach "who had hangd himself and was buried in the highway," and the thickness of his country air, but complimenting him on having escaped the

contagion of the sheeps' country from which he had come. This oration ended with a glowing peroration, in which, in poetic phrase, the very frogs of the Lincoln marshes were painted as filling the air with their raucous cries in the effusion of their joy at the return of their own, their very own Æsculapius.

After the exercises were over the feast came on. A learned professor and the master of the college favored him with their company, and the polite professor observed next day "that he never was so merry nor staid so long at any entertainment before." Among the other guests were "the rest of the faculty in the University" and the students in medicine as well as his personal friends, whom he treated "very plentifully," so much so indeed that Stukeley has recorded in his diary that he "went to bed the soberest of all the company." On so important an occasion his friends in the country were not forgotten. "The Justices, Clergy, and Gentlemen all round the country, my Friends, acquaintance and Dependants" were entertained by him at his own inn, the Chequers at Holbeach, and the spread before them was ample to satisfy even the most exacting appetite. They "roasted a vast hinder Quarter of an Ox and boild a huge plum puddin in a Copper, and drank off a hogshead of ale brewd on purpose." Though some of the medical men of the time were "people of gallantry and a little too volatile for a sedate humor," Stukeley did not on this occasion forget his fair friends. "The Ladys I treated with Sweetmeats and Tea by Bucketts full." Never was doctor so feasted into a degree before.

Stukeley's next change was into London life. He determined upon "walking the hospital," and with this object in view he put himself under the care of Dr. Mead, then physician at St. Thomas's Hospital, which had at that time been largely aided by the munificent gifts of Guy, the bookseller, and Clayton, the city magnate. In this way he passed the greater part of 1709,

trudging "across the Bridge to the hospital" every morning, and making the most careful diagnosis of every case that came before him. This course of life he pursued steadily in spite of temptation duly chronicled in his diary with the laconic words "fell into a female scrape."

His countryman, Noel Broxholme, followed the same course under the charge of Mead. He was a "man of wit and gaiety, lov'd poetry, and was a good classic." Though he had not the same natural advantages of birth and means as Stukeley, he for a time far excelled him in life. By great good fortune he "got much money in the Misissipi project in France," and he augmented his resources by marrying a rich widow. But his heart was not in the profession which he had chosen. "He was always nervous and vapored," says Horace Walpole, who also bears testimony to the profusion of his wit; and his feelings became unstrung as he contemplated the melancholy creatures that came to him for help. The thin partitions that divide the bounds of wit and madness were soon passed, and one July morning in 1748, he "threw himself out of life." With such a tutor as Mead and such a "chum" (the word had just come into existence) as Broxholme, the medical course of Stukeley passed for many months happily away. He renewed the old pleasures of Cambridge, formed a "weekly meeting of the young Physicians and Surgeons, where we dissected some part or other," and sometimes read to them papers on fevers, generation, or on the still livelier topic of tobacco. Nor did he neglect the accustomed feast on his departure from London. He complied with tradition and gratified his own tastes by treating "Dr. Mead and the Surgeons at the Kings arms Tavern, St. Pauls Church Yard."

It was now time for Stukeley to think of making money, and he resolved upon extricating himself from debt and attending to the education of his surviving brother and sister. He retired to Boston, so as to be within reason-

able distance of his property, and entered upon practice. His patients must have been far from numerous. An entry marked by his delightful openness of character records that he "cured several young children of fits, which in a small measure raised me a character," but the information which he supplies on the rest of his life under "Boston stump" is of the meagrest description, and furnishes a striking proof of the disappointment which his hopes experienced. Like most of the physicians of that period he took under his protection a chalybeate spring as a sovereign remedy against disease. The waters which he recommended to those who sought his advice gushed from the ground at Stanfield, a little village near Burn and Folkingham, but, like Astrop and many another famous mineral water of our own country, they have long since passed into the limbo of forgetfulness. If Stukeley had a pecuniary interest in running this spa, its failure dashed his hopes still more.

In May, 1717, Stukeley returned to London and began to practise in Great Ormond Street, a region in which lawyers and doctors held sway. Wherever he went he was not happy unless he had settled among the most inquiring spirits in the realms of science or antiquity. Within a year after his return to town he had reformed the Society of Antiquaries, and on the nomination of Sir Isaac Newton, with whom as a fellow-countryman he had "afterwards a particular friendship," had been elected a fellow of the Royal Society. For the first of these learned bodies he acted during nine years as its secretary, but when he desired to become the paid secretary of the scientific institution, another aspirant for its emoluments—Cromwell Mortimer, a man of doubtful reputation in the medical world, but a warm ally of Sir Hans Sloane, who ruled over the society's deliberations—was preferred before him. Roger Gale, in a long letter printed *in extenso* in the first of the "Stukeley Memoirs," assigns the revival of the Antiquarian Society to a

"few gentlemen, well wishers to antiquity, that used to meet once a week and drink a pint of wine at a tavern," and regretted that a great many of its members still preferred their wine to the study of antiquities; but he could not but acknowledge that through its care a great many valuable objects of antiquity had been rescued from the risk of destruction.

Stukeley's curiosity "led him to be initiated into the mysteries of Masonry," and he was duly admitted at "the Salutation Tav., Tavistock Street, with Mr. Collins, Capt. Rowe, who made the famous diving Engine." This street was at that period the centre of London fashion, and the "Salutation" was probably the tavern recorded as having been kept by Dick Loveridge, the famous old bass singer. Stukeley had brought with him to town his love of dissection, and when a young elephant died, Sir Hans Sloane gave him the body, and it was dissected in Sloane's garden. It had been brought from Bencoolen, a factory of the East India Company, and exhibited to the public for profit. Its owners unfortunately kept the unhappy animal in a damp booth and on a wet floor; it was cutting its tusks, and the disorders incident to its life were "heightened by the great quantity of ale the spectators continually gave it." When he printed his Gulstonian lecture at the College of Physicians (1722) upon the spleen, he added to it a narrative of the dissection of this interesting animal, "with many copper plates colored to imitate nature." Once he dissected a tortoise, and on another occasion he, with a surgeon and an apothecary, "opened the body of a woman 10 weeks before she was to lye in."

Stukeley had inherited the gout from his father, and after a residence of some years in London it fastened on him with such severity that he was confined to his house during the long winter months. The medical and masonic banquets may have had their share in bringing about this trouble, but if such a suspicion ever entered his mind, the mention of it was carefully

excluded from his journals. It drove him into riding on horseback in the spring, and to renovate his health and indulge "his natural love of antiquity" he travelled all around the southern and western counties of England and explored the whole length of the Roman wall in Northumberland and Durham. But even this exercise could not permanently restore his health, and on a June day in 1726, "to the wonder and regret of all his acquaintance" he withdrew once more to his own people, and this time selected Grantham as his residence. Many years later he tried to help a sick world by publishing "A treatise of the cause and cure of the gout." Careful diet and plenty of exercise, particularly on horseback, were his specifics. The diet must be mainly vegetable, and he recommended a draught of hot water before dinner. Wines were bad, the best drink was "mild, midling, soft and fine ale," and the prudent were allowed three cups only, "the first for health, the second for pleasure and friendship, the third for sleep."

For a time Stukeley was in rhapsodies over his situation at Grantham. Some persons might say, he himself at one time encouraged the belief, that there was no conversation "worthy of a man of sense but at London;" but experience had brought him round to the conviction that all men of sense and conversational power were not immured within the metropolis. The country around Grantham is pleasant, and its beauties were painted by him in glowing colors. His study possessed a most charming prospect, and was just "within hearing of a great cascade of the river, which is very noble and solemn." Such was the language of exaggeration in which the "mere brook" that flows through the town was described. He had worked so hard in his garden, levelling the ground and planting trees and shrubs, as to "sweat out all the London fog and to eat almost a whole fillet of veal without orange." He was careful to add that this abstinence could not be attributed to economical neces-



sities, as oranges "at this place are plentiful at pence a piece" (*sic*).

Roman camps and modern castles abounded on every side, and the laments of George Robins when he declared that the sole drawbacks to the enjoyment of the house which he wished to sell were caused by the perpetual fall of the rose-leaves and the ceaseless song of the nightingales are revived in Stukeley's remark that "all the roads round us are at this instant (April, 1727), so thick with violets that you can scarce bear the fragrancy." There was another defect, it must be confessed, in his existence at Grant-ham. The place was too healthy. It resembled the charming town of Dorchester, from which Arbuthnot rode away one fine day in dudgeon, and with the passionate exclamation that "no one would die there and he could not live in it." In the spring after his arrival Stukeley acknowledged to "have had a very pretty stroke in business since he came down," and he looked forward confidently to an increase, but by the following autumn it was clear that "the country cannot possibly find too much work for two physicians." Two years later the sad truth was forced from him. He wrote to Archbishop Wake that the contemplative mood created by his garden had turned his inclinations towards a clerical life, and he added, what must have seemed a more convincing reason to the wary old archbishop at Lambeth, that "though there is no other physician within less than 16 mile of me, yet I am scarce wanted once in a month, the country generally using Apothecaries." Stukeley could endure it no longer. "I cannot be easy," he exclaimed, "in sacrificing the remaining and, I hope, the best part of my life to such poor drudgery, being now but in the 41 year of my age."

Archbishop Wake, who had a direct sympathy with Stukeley in his love of books, manuscripts, and coins—his collections are now buried in the upper library, a magnificent room of Christ Church at Oxford—encouraged him to take orders in the Anglican Church.

Many well-known names in the roll of English clergymen have been distinguished in medicine as well as in divinity. The best-known example of them all is probably to be found in the person of Nicholas Ferrar, the recluse of Little Gidding. Wake was persuaded that his friend's "education and practice as a physician" would enable him to do better service as a clergyman, and on 20th July, 1729, Stukeley was ordained by him at Croydon. Preference soon came to him, and that in spite of the "most violent opposition from the high church party." In October in that year he was presented by Lord Chancellor King to the living of All Saints, Stamford, a church which he could not but delight in for the sake of its noble spire and splendid brasses. It was obtained for him through the interposition of Wake, aided by the Duke of Ancaster and Sir Hans Sloane, to the latter of whom he had addressed an urgent letter, pointing out that "the incumbent is in the last stadium of dropsy and cannot live a quarter of a year," and that a word from him would secure it, as he could "be denied nothing either of the court or courtiers." Stukeley lost nothing through want of asking for it. The good old archbishop, in reply to his request for "a dignity in the church," was at last forced to meet the question with the answer that he had provided for so many chaplains and so large a family that he had but little left at his disposal.

Still in his new vocation he had no cause of complaint. In the year (1729) of his ordination he was offered two livings, one by the Bishop of Lincoln, and another by Lord Winchilsea, and declined them both, and only four years later he refused a second benefice in Stamford. Five more years passed away, and the Duke of Ancaster gave him the living of Somerby and made him one of his chaplains. Another space of five years and the lectureship in All Saints Church was bestowed upon him. In the autumn of 1747 a "very complaisant" letter from the Duke of Montagu—"John the plant-

er," who covered miles of country in the Midlands with vast networks of avenues—invited him to Boughton, and next November his ducal friend rewarded him with the benefice of St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, then one of the most pleasant and healthy livings in the suburbs of London. Here he spent the rest of his days, refusing an exchange to Dublin and another living in England, but disappointed in his expectation of obtaining a prebendal stall in the Cathedral of Rochester.

When Stukeley bade a long, a last farewell to life in the country, his tone was again changed. For those "used to learned and polite society" existence at Stamford was but a *vita mortua*, and the dwellers therein were but "dead walkers covered with flowers." These were his thoughts on repairing to London, but the incidental references which crop out in his letters show that his days in Lincolnshire were not altogether destitute of amusement. One summer two "grand balls, with pantomime entertainments," attracted an abundance of company, another spring was marked by "plays, two Musick clubs, an experimental philosophy lecture," and a general gaiety of life. The music clubs were veritable centres of enjoyment for him, that was "true life, not the stink and noise and nonsense of London." They were what nowadays would be called smoking concerts; at these entertainments, says Stukeley, "I smook a pipe, drink a dish of coffee, and am well entertained." Sometimes he stooped to more mundane pleasures, but these were apt to end in failure. The horserace at Stamford was "very indifferent," and the company was no less unsatisfactory.

Wherever Stukeley's fortunes led him, it might be in London or it might be in the country, a mania for the formation of clubs fastened on him. Twice he set up a literary and antiquarian club at Stamford, and the beautiful gateway in that delightful old town, which still remains a time-honoured relic of the days when a univer-

sity was contained within its walls, suggested for it the title of the "Brazen-nose Society." To it he added the attractions of a musical club and a clerical book-club, the latter being the progenitor of a numerous progeny scattered all over England. During his life at Grantham he succeeded in establishing, with the aid of Francis Peck, an antiquary of kindred tastes, a literary club which so prominent a parson as Warburton condescended to join. At Christmas, 1741, the Egyptian Society was formed at "Le Beck's head in Chandos Street," and the savants of the day amused themselves with elaborate inquiries into Egyptian antiquities. Lord Sandwich was its president, and Stukeley aided in its foundation. When Maurice Johnson established the famous Spalding Society, and drew into its roll of members the leading antiquaries in England, a place was soon found in their ranks for Stukeley. In 1754, he visited Cambridge "to celebrate in silence and solitude, the jubilee of my first year of residence there in 1704," and his thoughts travelled back to his little circle of "schoolfellows and countrymen of our Lincolnshire South Holland," who visited him then. "The entertainment was jugs of mild and stale, pipes and tobacco. We knew no treat of tea, though it began before I left the university. They made me learn to smoke then . . . and I have practised it ever since with the greatest moderation, not above a pipe in the evening only, which now I begin to think of leaving off . . . Sir Christopher Wren smoked to his death. I have smoked a pipe with him when he was almost 100."

Stukeley kept a country house at Kentish Town, with the inscription over its door, *Me dulcis saturet quies*, but whenever he could secure a longer holiday he took horse and scoured the country in search of the antique or the picturesque. His correspondents were scattered all over England, and in every town at which he rested he could stay in the house of a congenial friend. He loved his own country, and vowed

to Heaven that there was "curiosity and antiquity enough at home to entertain any genius." So deep was his conviction on this point that he "resisted the solicitation of the Duke of Rutland and others to goe a foreign tour." Even when at Cambridge he banished from his mind all suggestions of external travel. Frequently would he take a walk to the ruins of Barnwell Abbey, and with many a sigh over its ruined condition take a plan of the remains. Often would he lament the destruction of such noble monuments of the piety of our ancestors, and (strange conclusion to his poignant regret!) often would he "cutt pieces of the Ew-trees there into Tobacco Stoppers." Curiosity impelled him everywhere. He took to Oxford the twenty-seven cases of books which St. Amand had bequeathed to the university. More than once did he visit Ely, and each time he brought back with him a portfolio of drawings of its chief curiosities. At least half-a-dozen times he wandered among the secluded lanes of Navestock, in Essex, explored the "alate temple" on its common, and inspected in Weald churchyard the monument of his old friend Jelf, who "built Westminster Bridge."

Every specimen of antiquity in or around London attracted his eager attention. The ruin of Lesnes Abbey, near Erith, which he describes in detail, are now reduced to a fifth of the dimensions existing in his time. The old church at Westminster, called the Sanctuary, which was pulled down at last in spite of the immense strength of its walls, was twice explored by him. He went to visit the "curious old chapel" on old London Bridge, and enters in his diary a tearful lament over its destruction. Still more pathetic is his cry over the disappearance of Chertsey Abbey, that noble and splendid pile which covered four acres of ground. Nothing remained of it, "scarce a little of the walls of the precinctus." The bones of the illustrious dead, "the abbots, monks, and great personages," lay strewn in great abundance all over the ground, and the

curious or irreverent visitor could "pick up handfuls of bits at a time." Lincolnshire and the surrounding country were always under his notice. The Goths made "sad havoe" of Croyland Abbey. Stukeley beheld them with great regret, but without any power to stop the destruction, "pulling down the wall and windows of the south side of the church." There was no limit to the excursions which he took with his man, "and a great hamper on a mail pillion behind him." He inspected in the parish register of Naborough, in Leicestershire, the account of the death and burial of Oliver Cromwell's wife, and at Milton, Lord Fitzwilliam's seat, he saw her skull which had been taken out of the grave. He visited Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton, and "eat a pineapple, a most delicious mixture of a pomegranate, a melon, a quince, and most other fine fruits." When in Wiltshire his companions were Lord Winchilsea and Lord Hartford. They and their wives gave Stukeley the title of "the Druid," and he repaid the honor of a visit from them by treating them "on the top of Silbury with a bowl of punch." An admirable account of the antiquities and curiosities which he had observed on some of these expeditions is given in the first part of his "Itinerarium Curiosum," which came out in 1724, and it was supplemented by a mass of illustrations, many of them of objects which must now be greatly altered, if not altogether destroyed.

Stukeley was devoted to his native county, and was possessed with "a prodigious veneration for his Illustrious Countryman," Sir Isaac Newton. When the Lincolnshire feast was held at the Ship Tavern, Temple Bar, on 18th April, 1720, Newton was their president. Stukeley imparted to him that Handel's opera of "Rhadamisto" was passing through rehearsal that night, and received for answer the information that Newton "never was at more than one opera. The first act he heard with pleasure, the 2d stretch'd his patience, at the 3d he ran away." At another time his commonplace book

chronicles that Newton "was grey-headed when very young," and in spite of the shock to his nerves which the statement must have caused, he forces himself to put on record the awkward circumstance that the sage "calls antient Statues, Busts, etc., by way of derision Old Babys." Mead forwarded to him at Grantham the details of Sir Isaac's dying days, and Stukeley took the opportunity of living in that town to collect the particulars of his countryman's youth, which afterwards fell into the hands of Lord Portsmouth, and are now embodied in Sir David Brewster's memoir of England's chief scientific student.

Stukeley must have been of a very lovable disposition, for he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy with the "whole sett of learned men and Virtuoso's" of his day. At Collinson's gardens at Mill Hill he was gratified by "an infinite sight of rare flowers." He appreciated to the full Dr. Freind's "elegant tast of life in his entertainments," and dubbed him the happiest physician in practice in London. He was acquainted with Arbuthnot, and without any trace of bitterness records the prevalent opinion of Arbuthnot's want of success in his profession by quoting the current epigram:—

As fine a Physician as ever was seen,  
Who once had a Patient and that was a  
Queen.

Sir Thomas Browne, he tells us, "dyd after eating too plentifully of a Venison Feast," while Garth "dyd splenetic, and was buried in a vault in the Ch'h at Harrow on the Hill." The quarrels of the medical men are not omitted. Radcliffe sneered at Gibbons in the bitter words "Nurse Gibbons," the sting of which lay in the allusion to his "over-officiousness, which is very taking with the vulgar," and his victim retorted that "Radcliff was an ingenious man, and it was pity his parents had not bestowd more learning on him." The wits of the day never lost an opportunity of ridiculing Radcliffe's want of book learning. Garth, the mildest of the band, summed up the

matter in the pungent epigram, "for Radcliffe to leave a library, was as if an eunuch should found a seraglio."

Mead was a man of parts, with a good share of learning. Less could not be said of a physician who waged controversy on no unequal terms with such a scholar as Conyers Middleton. But he was surrounded by a crowd of "tools and sycophants," who often led him astray, and he was accustomed—each is Stukeley's emphatic, if erroneous assertion—to fall into the most "abject instances of decrepid amours." Sir Hans Sloane, on the other hand, was, in Stukeley's opinion, indebted for his exalted position to industry and good fortune, rather than to natural parts or acquired information.

A great deal of learning, philosophy, and astronomy, these were the gifts of his rival Martin Folkes, but he lacked judgment and prudence. His wife—he married while under age—was an actress from off the stage, and his mother was so incensed at the union that she threw herself out of a window. All his children came to grief, and in a rage with Sloane over the presidentship of the Royal Society, "he went to Rome with his wife and dau<sup>rs</sup>, dog, cat, parrot, and monkey." The choice of his companions was a convincing proof of his belief "that there is no difference between us and animals, but what is owing to the different structure of our brain, as between man and man." He outran the Lord Monboddo of a later generation in the intensity of his conviction, for Folkes "professed himself a godfar to all monkeys." When Stukeley in after years looked back upon his brethren of the college, he realized the truth of the old proverb, "the meaner the fare, the more wholesom," for in seven years' time nearly all the leading physicians in London had passed into the grave.

Stukeley had many friends in religion, ranging from unswerving orthodoxy to the extremities of latitudinarianism. In the latter section was Rundle, the Irish bishop, in whom Pope could "spy desert," while his name was quoted by Mr. Gladstone in an eccle-

siastical debate in Parliament some ten years since. This kindly heretic comes out in these diaries in the character of a gourmand, and that of the grosser kind. "Bp. Rundle," says this entertaining chronicler in somewhat obscure phraseology, "is famous for candied carrot, pea-cacons, peeper pyc, *i.e.*, young new-hatched turkeys put into a pyc, taken out by spoonfulls, 6 veal burrs stuffd with the ropes of 50 wood-cocks. He calls a sirloin of beef clumsy plenty. Young hares fed with brocoli. By this means he treated himself into £4,000 p. ann." Warburton was one of his earliest friends, but a difference of opinion was not slow in producing a coolness between them, and when that ex-lawyer's clerk rose to the episcopal bench, "a change of fortune had changed his manners," an illustration, if any further proof were needed, of the excess of pride with which Churchill in bitter lines had forever linked that upstart prelate.

With Waterland, "a Lincolnshire man" — the heart untravelled ever returns to the fens and its natives — he had a close intimacy for many years, and in a few words he sums up his character, "a very hard studd, a great smoker." Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," seems to have been known to him, and he paints a pleasant picture of "slashing" Bentley, when the desire for controversy had died within him. "He is now 75 and very hearty. We smoaked a pipe with him" — these eminent divines did not lose many opportunities of "drinking" tobacco. "He entertained us with much and pleasant discourse. He says he has done reading now, for the ungrateful world; and reads only for himself, the Old and New Testament and in our English Bible." Stukeley knew the chief dispensers of patronage. He visited Sir Robert Walpole "in his happier hour," and was among the curious throng at Cock's auction-room on that day in May, 1748, when the pictures of Walpole were sold "under the fictitious name of Mr. Robert Bragge." He dined "with the archbishop at Lambeth alone," and in

the gardens of the palace admired "the vastest appearance of the finest tulips I ever saw."

Disastrous days, days not unlike those of the present year, lighted on London in 1720. Stukeley describes the situation very laconically in his diary, and for him at all events the result was not unsatisfactory. On 28th May the handsome sum of £350 was paid to him as his share of the profit in the South Sea contract. Five days later the stock had risen above £900, and "Nobility, Ladys, Brokers and footmen were all upon a level." Shade of Jeames Yellowplush, thy advent was anticipated a hundred and twenty years before Thackeray chronicled thy rise and fall! The time flies on to July 14th, when "several people run mad and kill themselves after having got great sums of money in South Sea." Two months pass by, and joy is changed into mourning. "S. Sea fallen from 1,000 to 400. The world in the utmost distraction — thousands of families ruind."

Stukeley found an abundance of amusement to solace his labors with. At one of the quarterly meetings of the Masonic Lodge, which he had founded, he was diverted by the marvellous memory of the brother in Masonry who could repeat "30 incoherent words either forwards or backwards or by stops after once hearing them." On a July day, such was the curious form that his fancy took, he joined Vandergercht and Pine, the two chief engravers of the day, in a visit to the New River Pond, "which is clean'd from the mud the first time since Sr Hugh Middletons days." He attended a debate in the House of Lords on the Physicians Bill, and records the unreasoning prejudice with which most of the peers regarded it. The menagerie in the Tower has been removed; 'twas done some "sixty years since;" but the lions that were housed there will live as long as our language exists. Stukeley, who had dissected a dead elephant, was bound to pay his respects to the three young lions lately born there. "They Snarl (as I may call it)



like a cat, and that continually, and their actions are much like a cats, they climb up chairs, hangings, etc."

Stukeley loved to illustrate the changes in social life. His notes on coffee-drinking would furnish some material for a new edition of Mr. Robinson's little volume on coffee-houses. Sir Christopher Wren and Robert Hooke, the professor of geometry, were "great drinkers of Coffee. Dr. Gale drank 2 dishes twice a day. Mrs. Behen drank it much." These were great testimonies in its favor, but more conclusive still was the anecdote of the "Clergyman in Kent" who confessed to have taken it for forty years, without ill effects — an instance of the slowness of its application as a poison, which might rank with the still more celebrated case of Fontenelle. Dr. Barrow introduced this seductive drink to the notice of the dons at Cambridge. Stukeley's own grandfather was "the encourager of the first coffee-house in Stamford." About 1698, "my mor. had her first set of thea equipage. Chocolate drank before then." The introduction of snuff he attributes to Charles II., whom he also credits with the paternity of wigs. To take this titillating dust, "they first used a cocoa shell with a brass nozzle to drop a pinch out upon their hand, from whence they snuffed it." Wigs were the curse of his existence. At last, in January, 1725, he resolved to leave them off and wear his own hair. He carried out his resolve, but it "ended in my leaving the town."

The first part of Stukeley's "*Itinerarium Curiosum*" came out in 1724, but as it did not meet with the success which he expected or it deserved, the narratives of his investigations at Stonehenge and Abury were issued separately, and the second part of the itinerary remained in manuscript until after his death. It was published in 1776, and the chief part of its contents consisted of Bertram's forgery of the itinerary of Richard of Cirencester. Stukeley was naturally credulous, his simplicity was surprising, but this pseudo-chronicle of antiquity was con-

cocted with such skill, that it might have imposed upon the very elect among antiquaries. Stukeley was the prophet of the Druids. These mythical persons had for him a tangible existence. They were of the patriarchal religion, descendants from Abraham through his grandson Apher, "who helped to plant our island." When he waited on the Princess of Wales in her retreat at Kew, it was of the life of the Druids that he discoursed, and of their conversion to Christianity. Borlase, the great antiquary of Cornwall, was like unto him, and in their eyes every rock-basin that nature had formed on the granite cliffs of the Cornish land was the work of the Druids, hollowed out to contain the blood of their victims in sacrifice. Many other works in theology or antiquity came from Stukeley's pen, but the most important of them illustrated in two ponderous quarto volumes "*The medallic history of M. A. V. Carausius, Emperor in Britain.*" It was of this ingenious composition that the critical Gibbon remarked, "I have used his materials and rejected most of his fanciful conjectures."

Stukeley was a keen politician both in Church and State, a Whig in one and a Low Churchman in the other. His death was hastened by a contested election for a lectureship at his own church. The vestry was crowded, and the heat of the room, combined with the excitement of the moment, stirred the disputants to a white heat. Stukeley and his friend Serjeant Eyre, a good lawyer, and the owner of a marvellous collection of coins, who had accompanied him to the poll, both caught their deaths through the coldness of the air on returning to their houses. The serjeant never was out of doors again, the doctor's illness came on that night. He died on the 3rd March, 1765, having prolonged his days through that temperateness of living on which he prided himself, to seventy and seven years. A short time before his death, when walking in the churchyard of East Ham in Essex, with his friend the vicar, he

pointed out a piece of ground, just beyond the east end of the church, as that in which he should wish his corpse to be buried. His prayer was granted, and he was put to rest under the smooth turf, without any monument. "In yonder grave the Druid lies."

More than a century after his death, his diaries and letters were issued by the Surtees Society to its members, under the competent editorship of the Rev. W. C. Lukis, an antiquary of equal zeal in research. They abound in information on the manners and customs of the first fifty years of the last century, and display in a striking light the best points of Stukeley's amiable character.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF MARGRÉDEL:

BEING A FIFESIDE HISTORY OF A  
FIFESHIRE FAMILY.<sup>1</sup>

CHAPTER XVII.

ON this same night, the night of Jean's funeral, the professor disembarked from the coach at Cupar.

The weeks since he sailed out of Kirkcaldy harbor had been to him like a dream. Sometimes one, sometimes another of its events swept through his mind; his journey to his native village; the searching of books in the hospital of the neighboring town, which told that Douglas had lain there when the other Margrédél had nursed in it; the old woman plying her knitting-needles within a stone's throw of his sister's grave, and recalling for him the handsome bearing, the swarthy face, the light-colored locks of his sister's English sweetheart, so vividly that once more he was looking down from the dark High Street windows with the younger Margrédél at his side pointing out to him, as she had done, Douglas Oliphant riding past. The passion for vengeance had taken hold of him, casting out every thought and memory,

<sup>1</sup> Published under arrangement with G. P. Putnam's Sons, the authorized American publishers of the book.

and howling aloud within him like the evil spirit in a waste place.

A woman had looked over her window in answer to his loud knocks on the High Street door. Margrédél had gone to Eden Braes, she told him. The young mistress there was dead—had he not heard?—and the hearse had come out of Edinburgh that morning that was to carry her to Kemback. He had not heard. He scarce heard yet. What was the death of Jean compared with this, that the traitor was found, tracked home, and that Margrédél was with him? He caught the same coach that had set him down, and was rumbled away to Cupar, his eyes blind to his neighbors or the beauty of the road, but turned in upon himself, where the Devil held high carnival.

When he landed on Cupar causeway, they told him Eden Braes lay eastwards on the river, and pointed down the Bobber Wynd as the nearest road to it.

In the gloaming the broken sky-line of the houses was blue and dim. The hum of a summer's day still lingered between the walls. At the bottom of the Bobber Wynd two youths stood speaking to two women on a doorstep—the elder with her arms akimbo, the younger with a stocking in her busy fingers, and her soft eyes going between the woman and the men.

"It was a lairge funeral, my man tell't me."

Jack Elder nodded.

"I saw'd come in aboot," the elder woman went on. "You'll be gaun to watch in Kemback the nicht, verra like?"

Jack turned to his companion.

"So we are. And I'm sorry for any resurrectionist gentry we get in our fing'rs."

"Are ye to watch ilka nicht?" said the girl.

"Twa and twa. Some three score o's."

It was not every day that the young lads around banded for such a holy purpose, and the women with wet eyes watched these two go down the wynd.

The professor tapped the girl on the shoulder.

"Will you direct me to Eden Braes?" he said.

"This is a bad business," said her companion, drying her eyes with her apron, as if consolation was to be found in a fresh gossip upon it. "Maybe you're some friends to the fowk at Eden Braes?"

The girl drew closer in sympathy.

"Will you direct me?" the professor said, turning impatiently to her. But a thought struck the elder woman. The professor wore a black coat. So, they said, did doctors and such as harried newly made graves.

She gave the girl a look from under bent brows.

"D'ye see yon twa?" she said, pointing to the retreating youths. "Follow yon twa. They're gaun your gait, yont by Eden Braes."

The professor went down the street.

"What can he want at the Hoose at this time o' nicht?" said the girl.

"No good, I'se warrant," the other replied. "Leastways I never seed him 'tween the een afore;" and that was conclusive.

The two lads sauntered along the river-bank to Kemback, talking of many things besides of Jean and their night's mission, although their thoughts would come back to it. The professor kept in their wake, just sighting them where the river runs through the meadow-land, and creeping closer where they might be lost in the gloom of the woods.

Some two miles down he came opposite a house in which he thought he recognized Margrédél's oft-described Eden Braes. The two lads passed it by, and he stopped and hesitated. For the first time he asked himself what he was there for—what he meant to do. At that moment a figure approached him out of the gloaming, and with the thought that it might be Douglas Oliphant, his purpose rose clear in his mind and flashed itself to his fingertips.

But it was only Rab Hetherwick who approached; and he used to tell how the professor slipped out upon him from behind a tree, like a weasel, with

his cold eyes looking up at his face, and then blinking like any beast when you stare at it. It was after the events of the night that Rab told that; but it is not for me to impeach the wisdom which comes from after-knowledge. And indeed Rab, when in specially honest mood, would add,—

"I thought he was blinkin', like me, for grief. It's queer how ye'll be deceived. There was a man cam' and sat afore me in the kirk aince, an' kept noddin' his head. I cam' to learn he wis sleepin'; but for a while I thoct it wis piety."

"Mounseer Malbert!" Rab stammered out when he saw who it was. "I didna ken you wis here, though your—Mamsillie Margrédél was. Ye werena at the puir lassie's funeral?"

"No," said the professor, to all appearance quite composed. "I am just off the coach at Cupar. Is that the house, over there, where Margrédél is staying?"

"Ay; that's Eden Braes, if you're goin' there. Though I canna think it'll ever be the same place wi' Miss Jean lyin' cauld in Kemback kirkyaird. I met the maister, an' the young maister wi' 'm, back a bit. Awa' to her grave-side, I reckon."

"Mr. Oliphant?" said the professor.

"Ay."

"Down the path?"

"What's your hurry?" said Rab; for Monsieur Malbert would have pushed past him.

"Nothing; only, I wish to see Mr. Oliphant. Let me past, and I'll overtake him."

"I'll gang back wi' you, and show you the way. He'll be at Kemback by this time, and you would miss the road," Rab said. "The puir body'll come by some hurt," he added to himself.

The professor was eager on his heels; but Rab walked stolidly, for he had nothing to hurry him, and he had a great deal to say.

"I've buried folk, young and auld, for thirty year and mair; but I dinna mind a buir'el where I had to fecht to keep my een clear for my wark. It's a

kind o' infectious, greetin' is, among women; and when they begin, ye a sort o' harden yersel' by instinct. Men maun be lop-sided at the other side from women, jist to haud the world goin' straight. But it's a kind o' awsome thing to hear the men round a grave snifftering."

Then he went on. "The young lads want to watch her grave. I met twa o' them doon the burn the noo. Marg'et—that's my wife—Marg'et says there'll be need for them, for there's sure something to happen from using a hearse; but they're illogical cattle, women are."

The mention of Marg'et's name recalled her loud condemnation of Margrédél as the cause of Jean's death. It is a strange thing that howsoever sensible a man is, he always takes his wife's side in a story. I have often wondered whether he really believes it, or only acts as if he does; it is certain that, whichever it is, it has to account for a great many of the misunderstandings in this world. Rab could plead an excuse which, perhaps, could be set forth in behalf of many men; it was that his wife so "deaved" him, as he said, with her story, that he was not safe in going against it; and when a man acquiesces in an untruth, he generally ends with believing it. So Rab itched to learn how much Margrédél's uncle knew in the matter of Jean's death.

"Ye ken what they say she died o'?" he asked.

He had to repeat his question.

"No," said the other.

"She died because her sweetheart jilted her—left her for another. That's to say, we, connexkit wi' the house, say that. It must ha'e been difficult to find aue to prefer afore her," he added insinuatingly.

I have come to a point in my story when I could well wish that you heard it, as I did, from Rab's own lips; for he always told it as if he were living over again the short walk in the dark woods with the professor. From this I know that the professor's words made a marvellous impression upon him, and

some of Rab's intensity seemed to pass into his hearers.

At any rate, Rab had no sooner said this than what does the professor do but give a kind of cry and clutch Rab's shoulder.

"Does he know what put her in her grave?" he asked.

"Who?"

"Her father—Douglas Oliphant."

"I'se warrant."

The professor hugged Rab closer; but he need not have done so. His eye would have held him fast.

"How does he take it?" he said.

"Just gang and see him," Rab replied, with a world of meaning in the words.

They had come to Kemback brae, and the footpath started from where they stood.

"You'll find him at her grave-side, doubtless;" and it was perhaps a fine feeling bred of pity that prevented Rab from going farther with his companion, and so intruding upon the laird's sorrow.

"Mind and keep to the path; tak' care o' the rocks," he said, and bade the professor good-night.

Down the road he met Margrédél and Wull Oliphant. Not knowing that Dug and Willy had gone thither, she had begged Wull to walk with her to Kemback.

Rab stopped and touched his cap.

"I've just left your uncle at the kirk-path, miss," he said.

"My uncle!" said Margrédél, starting.

"My uncle's—my uncle's in France."

"No, miss. He came aff the coach the night. I fand him at the river-side opposite Eden Braes; and when I tell't him Maister Oliphant was awa' to Kemback, he would ha'e after him."

"Thank you, Rab. Good-night. Let us go forward," said Wull.

Meanwhile the professor was picking his steps towards the kirk, which stood out, dim and grey, against the woods. The air was full of the scents of the vegetation upon which the dew had fallen; but no sound broke its stillness. The two lads in the kirk, hearing footsteps on the turf, had come out; but,

recognizing Douglas and Wilty, they went back again and watched them through the open door.

By and by father and son went out at the south gate, and walked in single file along the path that skirted the rocky precipice overhanging the den road. A figure stood in their way.

Sorrow must have written its lines on Douglas's features; but the professor's face glowed with recognition. To the one person in all the world to whom Dug ever spoke of these events—and you can guess that that was his wife—he said,—

"His face wore the exultant look I've seen on one another's faces when we laddies breasted the waves on Kirkcaldy sands."

"Sir," said Douglas, "you are Professor Malbert, are you not, out of Kirkcaldy—the uncle of Margrédél?" He held out his hand—very gravely and courteously, you may be sure.

"The brother of Margrédél," the other replied, looking straight into his face.

Dug started. His boy was crowding up the path behind him.

"This is my laddie," he said, with an appeal in his eyes and voice.

"It was the father I came to seek," the other replied.

"And you've found him," Dug said, some of the agony of his thoughts finding expression. "You have come for Margrédél, have you not? You will return with us to Eden Braes."

"Margrédél with you!" the professor cried, as if he had not known it before. All the repression had gone from his voice.

Wull and his companion had reached the end of the path; and now Margrédél, catching his arm, said,—

"That's my uncle's voice. Listen!" and they stood and listened.

"Margrédél with you! It's meet, and she knows it not," her uncle went on. "My feet are dirty with the earth of her mother's grave, and you would have them cross your threshold. I thank God—if there is a God above these stars—they were never tempted across it before I knew you."

The boy had leapt up on the low grass bank on the inside of the path, and looked at the professor wonderingly.

"Not a word more," cried Dug, his old spirit asserting itself; "my laddie and I go to Eden Braes. If you want me there, you'll find me. In the mean time, let me pass."

He would have walked on; but the professor held his ground.

"Let you pass!" he cried, and fury seemed to burst from every pore. "It's years I let you pass, not deeming you other than honest. For months I have watched you, praying God to keep my fingers off you till I found you out. I've tracked you here, and, by God, I'll not let you pass until —"

Douglas sprang back a step. With a wild cry Margrédél rushed from Wull's side.

But, with a young heart and set teeth, the boy had met the professor's spring. His wild impetus carried them to the edge of the rocks. The professor was a frail old man at the best, and he fell backwards, clutching his assailant.

It was all the work of an instant.

"The rocks! Mind the rocks!" the boy's voice sounded up the short slope that led to the precipice. There was a crash as their bodies bounded off the tree-trunks; then all was still.

For a second or two Margrédél and Douglas stood, side by side, on the brink of the wood; then Wull, running up, caught her as she fell.

"Take her," he said to Dug; "she's yours." He looked over the precipice. "Heaven help her! Who else has she?"

He did not mean to be cruel. The truth which he had learned a few minutes ago from the professor's lips had grown as old as his catechism.

Already he was on the path to the foot of the rocks. He could hear the swish of the grain and labored breath as the two watchers made straight through the barley-field towards the sound of Margrédél's cry. Wull scrambled back again.

"Mind, Dug, they just fell," he said.



Dug was not listening. To Wull, low on the slope, it seemed he towered above him like a rock — his legs apart, and seeming to grip the earth. His hat had fallen from his head, and his fair hair lay round his dark face, on which his eyes shone like lights at sea. He held the girl in his arms, and he held her tight; and Wull could see him raise her up and down, till he held her high above his head, as he might have done a fox to cast it to the dogs. It was done calmly, deliberately, without effort; and Wull knew that it was murder. Margrédel hung in Dug's arms for a second, and in that second Wull, measuring his height with his brother, had a hold of her, and looking into his eyes, said, —

"Dug, boy!"

Margrédel fell from his brother's arms into his, so that he staggered under the burden.

"My Jean! my Jean!" cried Dug, and stumbled across the dark field.

Wull left Margrédel in charge of the two lads, who had come up; and, bidding them remain and watch, he ran down the path, and round to the foot of the rocks. Disfigured, mutilated, clasped together in their dreadful death, the professor and Willy lay in the road; and Wull separated them, lest any, coming up, should guess the truth.

That is the story of the Oliphants of the High Street house. Perhaps you think that there should be more to tell. It may be that some of you have heard more; for I am aware that there are many people who profess to know, for example, what Douglas said to Margrédel. No one knows what passed between the two — not even Mrs. Oliphant. These same people have told me that Mrs. Oliphant's hair turned white when they brought home her boy to Eden Braes. I could have told them how it had greyed through long years before that; but I did not care to correct them, lest, on that account, they might think that her grief was less. If I have led you to any knowledge of a woman than whom I never

knew a nobler, you do not need to be told that even in that great sorrow it was Dug she thought of. It is beyond my understanding how any one can conjecture what fell out between the survivors of that tragedy. I cannot. I do not wish to. I do know, however, that when Margrédel said that France was her home, and that it was in her native village that she ought to spend her days, Jean acquiesced readily, and was glad that in some measure the tongues of the country-side would be kept from wagging against her husband. If you are inclined to respect her less because of this, let me tell you also that she bore Willy's death meekly, charging it against herself because, for his sake, she had held her tongue, and would have wronged Margrédel if she could, by leaving her in ignorance.

Years ago she and her husband were taken far beyond the wagging of tongues. To-day I climbed the hill-path at Kemback, and stood beside the ripening grain upon the plateau, within cry of where they were laid. On some such afternoon they buried the younger Jean. I could mark with my eye the line which the watchers must have taken through the barley-field to the rocks which echoed Willy's cry. The ivy kirk is a ruin, and a newer building stands farther up the hill. Near by it they have planted a school, set against a blaze of scarlet rowans; and through its open windows, as I stood beneath them, came the hum of lessons, mixing with the voices of the birds as they called to one another in the woods. As I walked round by the Hetherwicks' — whence a blue coil still issued, but not from the hearth of Rab and Marg'et — and down the hill-path to the saw-mill, and along the river to Eden Braes, where a stranger door is shut upon me, the click-click of the reapers in the fields around seemed to say, eloquently, that to-day is everything, and that the dead are soon forgotten.

I do not think that that is a very wise reflection. There are no Oliphants now in the old town by the Forth. When we buried Wull, we

buried the last of that family. Yet it seems to me that its memory is fragrant still. Down by the harbor, even now, you will hear Wull's name often; and that is something.

"And Margrédel?" perhaps you say. I am coming to that. At Wull's death I went over his papers. It was by his own instructions that I did so. Among piles of bills of lading, of lists of ships, and all the remnants of the man's activity, I came across some of the letters that passed in later years between Margrédel and Mrs. Oliphant. I may not divulge their contents even if I would; I can only say that if a man were not humbled in presence of the spirit that they breathed, he is not worthy to know the love of women. Besides these, there were many other letters. When I fell upon a rough draft of that one which Beatrix never opened, I could not but laugh—laugh to think of Wull, and all men, and of the "Polite Letter-Writer" on the shelf close by, with the page turned down on the model it so slavishly copied. There were letters from Margrédel to Wull, and they reflected some of the joys of her later days as well as the sorrows of the earlier; and one of her greatest joys, clearly, was Wull's annual visit to her. Beneath all these were two, clasped together with an elastic band which broke to my touch, so rotted was it; and one had the seal unbroken. I opened it, and found that it was a letter of his own to Margrédel, returned to him from France. With it came the other note, which told how she had caught a fever and died. It was dated a few days before my fourteenth birthday; and that was the news, I doubt not, which made Wull so testy on that night when my curiosity was whetted for the story of Margrédel.

"Where is the moral of that story?" some one may say. There are many morals to your choosing. One is, that all the misery in it followed wrongdoing; an old-fashioned moral, but perhaps none the less wise on that account. Or you may find one, where I seemed to find it this afternoon at Kemback—in the hollowness of all

things. Or it may be that if you know this town by the Firth to-day, with its new industries, new ways, new hopes, to compare it with the home of Dug Oliphant, you may realize once more, as Wull realized it, that the world wags on. That is the greatest of all morals.

And if, as may well be, you care for no moral, it is as I should wish it, inasmuch as the story was not told to point one, but because it is the story of people whose memory is dear to me, and of a country-side that I love.

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From *The Nineteenth Century*.  
THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR VAMBERY.

WHATEVER may be said of the personal qualities and of the rule of the present king of Persia, there can be no question about certain favorable features by which he is advantageously distinguished from the rest of Oriental princes. He not only made an exception to the rule and etiquette of Mohammedan Asia by visiting Europe three times, but he has always taken the trouble to note down carefully all that he saw and experienced, and to publish it afterwards for the instruction of his subjects, with the avowed intention to impart the knowledge of the West and to enlighten his readers about modern civilization. During his last visit to Budapest I had the honor of being his interpreter for several days, and I was quite astonished to find that after the toilsome work of many hours, when we were all exhausted and worn out by continual visits and calls, I was asked in his private room, sometimes after ten o'clock in the evening, to give accurate information about things, persons, and places he had seen during the day. These he used to put down in Persian writing, but the proper names he gave in European characters, in order to avoid misspelling, having been taught by experience that the Arabic letters are insufficient for the transcription of European names.

I suppose he has acted in the same

manner everywhere else, for the copy of his diary before me, written in a fluent Persian style and published by his command in Teheran, hardly contains any proper name to which the European, mostly French, transcription is not added. The shah presents himself in his new literary work as an extremely painstaking writer, who strives to be accurate in the description of the sites, towns, palaces, gardens, and museums he had seen, and who in the mean time shows great tact in speaking of personalities he had met with. There is not even the shadow of pronounced criticism so far as regards disapproval. What displeases him is but lightly touched, whereas his praises are more outspoken, and it is only by reading between the lines that one might guess the real meaning of his words. Thus the account of his sojourn in Russia is extremely meagre, and the somewhat cool reception he met with at St. Petersburg is reflected in the rather cool but civil words in which he records his stay at the Russian capital.

In the portion of his book devoted to England we notice quite the contrary. Whilst approaching London on board of the Osborne he was met by the Prince of Wales, of whom he says: "He looks just as he was sixteen years ago, when I first saw him, only he has grown somewhat stouter." After joining the prince on board of the Duke of Edinburgh, the shah is quite enraptured by the luxury exhibited in the great saloon of that vessel, and his admiration is boundless when he witnessed the extraordinary reception accorded to him by the people of London. He says the crowd was such an intense and enthusiastic one that the carriages could hardly pass. The demonstration of friendship and joy he found without a parallel, and bearing testimony to the genuineness of this outburst of public opinion, he quotes the following remark of the Prince of Wales:—

We have not got the means to force the people to give you such a warm reception, they have come here from their own good will and out of sympathy.

It need hardly be said that the shah is highly pleased at the splendidly furnished apartments in Buckingham Palace, of which he gives a minute account, not forgetting to mention, as usual, all the princes and princesses, as well as the members of the aristocracy and the ambassadors of the foreign countries who were introduced to him. His first meeting with her Majesty at Windsor he describes as follows:—

Her Majesty, the queen, surrounded by her daughters and by the ladies in waiting, received me at the bottom of the staircase. She wore a black dress, and had a black stick in her hand and had also put jewels on. After alighting from the carriage I approached and tendered her my hand, which she seized, and leading me up-stairs, we passed through a gallery and a large hall adorned with fine pictures to a room which I had seen sixteen years before. Here we took a seat and conversed for some time. After the introduction of Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice and Prince Battenberg, and Lord Salisbury, I noticed in the retinue two or three Hindustanis, dressed after the fashion of India and speaking Persian. Her Majesty remarked, "I have ordered them from India, they are teaching me the Urdu language." On rising the queen gave me a nosegay, and leading me again to the staircase, I took leave of her Majesty.

Returning to London, the shah has to go through an endless series of receptions and invitations which dazzle even his Oriental eye. The minute account of all these festivities, dinner and garden parties, may be tiresome to the English reader, and it has been apparently written in order to impress his Persian subjects with the great honor and consideration paid to their sovereign in the countries of Frenghistan. The shah is by no means indifferent to the honors bestowed upon him, and he was particularly struck by the ovation given to him in the Guildhall. He mentions the speech he made here after the dinner, as well as the answer given by Lord Salisbury, of which latter he says that the allusion of the prime minister to the friendly relations between England and the foreign countries raised the spirits of the so-

ciety. He has a particularly high opinion of Lord Salisbury and of Lady Salisbury, and of the latter he says literally: "She is a lady of middle size, highly respectable, up in politics, exceedingly wise and clever." The shah anxiously avoids politics. He only occasionally alludes to the leading parties of England, and having accepted an invitation to dine with Lord Rosebery, he says:—

This nobleman is a Liberal, and belongs to the ministry of Mr. Gladstone, which is the Opposition to the present men in government. Lord Rosebery is a comparatively young man, of middle size and of a handsome face; he has neither beard nor mustachios.

On mentioning the guests of Lord Rosebery, the shah quotes *Duke of Chamberlain*, a *lapsus calami* which but rarely occurs to him. It is really astonishing how this Eastern potentate has taken the care to note down everything most minutely, and in reading the description of his visit to the Crystal Palace one can imagine how his subjects will admire the wonders of Frenghistan, and how proud they will be on reading that nearly two thousand unbelievers desperately fought to catch one leaf or flower thrown down from the balcony by the shah to the crowd assembled to see him.

In order to appreciate fully the importance of the shah's last visit to England, one has only to compare the report written by him of his journey made in 1873, of which an English translation, by the late Sir James W. Redhouse, was published in 1874 (London: John Murray). This last-mentioned diary contains chiefly general remarks upon England, social, political, military, and otherwise; whilst his present book, which deserves to be translated likewise, gives a rather detailed and lengthy account of various towns of England and Scotland and of many mansions and country houses of English and Scotch noblemen; nay, it affords a clear insight into the public and private life of the United Kingdom such as no other Oriental publication can boast of. After a full picture

of London amusements and festivities, the royal author enumerates his excursions to the country, and gives us the narrative of his visits to the various towns and country seats. He begins by his call at Hatfield, and full justice is done to this splendid mansion of Lord Salisbury. The garden particularly attracted his attention, and he finds the ground so extensive and varied that one unacquainted with the place might easily lose his way. We are favored even with the history of Hatfield, reading that this castle was built three hundred years ago, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and that it has come down to the present owner from generation to generation. From Hatfield the seat of Lord Brownlow is visited, and next day the park and castle of Waddesdon. The wealth exhibited by the Barons Ferdinand and Alfred Rothschild very naturally called forth the admiration of the king of kings, who, with his ready cash of four million pounds, is rather poor in comparison with our modern Cræsus, and in grateful remembrance of their hospitality the shah tells us that he offered them a golden box with an old enamel. The next country seat visited is that of Lord Windsor, and on passing Rugby the shah relates the following episode: "I noticed here a very handsome child in the arms of a woman, to whom I beckoned. She came near, I seized the hand of the child, upon which the crowd rushed towards the railway carriage anxious to shake hands with me. I shook hands with everybody, and such was the throng and bustle that many people nearly got under the carriage." On the way to Sheffield a good deal of attention is devoted to the manufacturing district. The shah fully appreciates the importance of this great industrial centre, and very often remarks that the whole world is provided from here with this or with that material. He enters into details in describing parts of the machinery; he is enraptured by the agency of steam-power, and if many more Oriental princes would bestow such minute care upon the wonders of

English mills as does Nasreddin Shah, there is no doubt the introduction of Western culture into Asia would be much facilitated.

It would be an idle undertaking to report at full length the account the shah gives in his diary of all the places visited and of the leading men of Great Britain he came in contact with. I dare to say he has hardly omitted a single one of the worthies of the day, and not only does he mention every man of note, but he gives us also the family relations of most, and from this point of view the shah's diary is decidedly the most comprehensive guide-book to English aristocratic, social, and industrial life. Scotland particularly attracted his attention. Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, Invercauld, Braemar, Dundee, and Edinburgh are separately sketched, together with the curiosities seen and the eminent men he met with or from whom he received hospitality. Sir Algernon Borthwick, the Earl of Hopetoun, and Lord Armstrong are particularly mentioned as hosts in whose splendid houses he enjoyed unparalleled hospitality. On his return from Scotland he visits Bradford, and he remarks that, in spite of the great ovations he has received hitherto in various parts of the United Kingdom, it was nevertheless here that he met with the most extraordinary reception. I shall try to give a literal translation of what the shah says : —

The town council, notwithstanding the long and strange dress they wore, went on foot before my carriage and slowly, slowly they moved on through the streets. The multitude of men and women was such an excessive one that nothing could be seen but heads and skulls, and the Hurrah! they raised was nearly deafening. The women waved their handkerchiefs and clapped with their hands. As it happened to rain, I opened my umbrella. The inhabitants of this place, being chiefly working men, together with their families, had not seen up to this time any Padishah, for their own queen had not as yet visited this place, and the Prince of Wales was only there seven years ago. This might be the reason for their great anxiety to catch a glimpse of royalty and to gaze at me. The

governor of Bradford was aware of this fact, and it is for this reason that the street was barred and that police was posted round the town hall, where I took up my lodging. . . . Briefly the reception I met with in Bradford was unique. The inhabitants have a distinguished look, they have handsome faces and beautiful hair.

In Leeds he meets with a similar reception. Here he is also lodged in the town hall, which he declares to be the largest in England, and this splendid building, erected thirty years ago, he adds, was opened personally by the queen.

Brighton seems to have greatly pleased the royal visitor, for he speaks in full detail of all he had seen there. The Aquarium is a great wonder in his eyes, as well as the swimming feat performed by Professor Reddish, and in mentioning the inhabitants of this place he finds that all are well dressed, and that the ladies, conspicuously handsome, walk about with loose hair. In going through the diary of Nasreddin Shah we are struck by the sometimes naive manner in which he mixes serious and trivial matters. In one place he explains complicated machineries, historical events, and in another he dwells at great length upon the performance of a conjurer, whose tricks are fully described and admired, perhaps more even than the great naval review he witnessed.

My intention was to give a short extract of the shah's diary referring to England, but I find the task more difficult than I believed. The text is incoherent and exceedingly tiresome to the European reader. In order to give an idea of the style and conception of the royal traveller, I shall conclude with a translation of the passage relating to his farewell visit to Osborne : —

Cowes is a small lovely place, and before reaching Osborne we passed an avenue. A large crowd hemmed both sides of the road. We arrived at the gate of her Majesty's park, which is a very private one : we did not see anybody in it. The grounds are spacious and beautiful, with fine trees, which have been brought from America and Canada, and the leaves of which re-



semble the leaves of the orange-tree. Very pretty are the elms, whose foliage reaches to the ground. The whole park is one delicious *parterre*. We had to go a long distance before arriving at the palace, around which we saw many tents. I asked for what purpose they had been erected. They answered for the emperor of Germany, whose visit is expected, as the palace itself is not large enough. I found her Majesty the queen at the door next to the staircase, and after shaking hands we walked arm in arm to a room where besides us Emin-es-Sultan, Nazim-ed-Dowle (Malkum Khan the ambassador at that time), Prince Battenberg, Princess Beatrice, and the chief master of ceremonies were present. Her Majesty was particularly kind and gracious, and we had a long conversation. After a while Princess Beatrice came in with a tray on which was an *étui*, which her Majesty opened, and taking out from it an order with brilliants, in the centre of which was her likeness, exceedingly well done, she handed it over to me, saying, "I give you this as a keepsake." I manifested a great joy and satisfaction at this highly valuable and precious *souvenir*, upon which her Majesty suspended the order with her own hand on my neck. In a similar way the first class of the Bath was given to Emin-es-Sultan (the Grand-vezir), and orders of St. George and St. Michael were given to the leading men of my retinue. I remained for some time in the company of her Majesty, and I took afterwards my evening meal with Prince Battenberg, and went to the terrace, from which there is a splendid view of the flower-beds of the garden and the sea.

With the description of the Isle of Wight closes the English portion of the shah's diary, which is at all events remarkable, partly from the personal views and opinions expressed therein, partly in considering the unmistakable good impression which his warm reception in England has left upon the mind of this Oriental prince, whose political destinies are strictly allied with the interests of Great Britain in central Asia. The contents of his diary relating to the Paris Exhibition and to his visit in France gives a dry account of the official receptions, of the curiosities of arts and industry, but not the slightest allusion to cordiality and friendship. The shah is by no means in love with the

republican form of government. He does not betray his aversion in the course of his remarks, for he is exceedingly cautious, but he cannot conceal his astonishment on seeing a large community without a crowned head, and the expression "head of the Republic," as the president is styled, is far less in his eyes than an emperor, king, or duke. What conquered the sympathies of the shah in England was private hospitality and the signs of real friendship shown to him by all classes of society, and as such manifestations were utterly absent in France, his coolness is to be found quite natural. French being the only European language he mastered to a certain extent — for his desire to appear as a French scholar is much greater than his knowledge of that language — he might naturally have felt more sympathy for France than for any other European country. But in reality this is not the case, though as a shrewd Oriental he abstains from showing color. On entering France he put down in his diary the following remark : —

It is rather strange that France and England, in spite of being neighboring countries, for they are only separated by a thin streak of water, should be still so different from each other. On arriving on French soil, we find that all habits and manners, the customs, the language, the exterior of men and women, of peasants, of soldiers, of mountains, plains, and trees, all is different from that in England.

It seems that political necessity and later experience have somewhat obliterated his earlier predilection for France, which he nourished in the first decades after his accession to the throne. He is evidently not indifferent to the old saying that Persia is *la France de l'Orient*, for the following passage occurs in his diary : —

The Parisians are, as far as regards character, bearing, and color (?), very much like the Persians. The strong and solid buildings I noticed in England and in Russia are not to be found here. It has been previously asserted that Persia is the France of the East. Formerly I could not realize the correctness of this sentence, but

this time having had a deeper insight I can approve of it, for everything strikingly resembles Persia.

Happily, however, Nasreddin Shah is not a man of emotional impressions. He may still feel a good amount of sympathy for the elegance, liveliness, and easy-going mind of the French nation, but in weighing the chances of the future of his dynasty, and of his country, he must look for a solid support and for an alliance with a country and with a nation which will offer him the best guarantee for his existence in the future. From the short intercourse I had with the king of Persia, I firmly believe that he had made the only salutary and happy choice, for although strictly *boutonné*, his prevalently English sympathies are beyond all doubt.

The portion of his diary relating to his return from Paris to Persia is comparatively very meagre, and contains only details of such places as he had not visited in his previous journeys. The shah was evidently tired, his memory was encumbered by the vast experience gained, and the bulky journal comprising his notes, might have produced several volumes of the size in which his book before us (411 pages) has appeared. In viewing the general impression the reiterated visits have left upon the mind of the royal traveller, we are well justified in putting the question: what is and what may be the effect of these experiences upon the country under his rule, and will Persia benefit by them? Without being too sanguine, I believe the reforms introduced in Persia during the last decade are mainly the outcome of the enlightened mind of Nasreddin Shah, and the results would certainly be more apparent if the leading portion of Persian society would be only half as much penetrated by the necessity of introducing modern reforms as their royal master himself. The light of the rising sun falls at first at the top of the mountains, and it is only afterwards that the lower parts and the valleys are illuminated. In the East the prin-

ciple is still in vigor, that the people follow the religion of their ruler, and if we show forbearance, the experience gained by Nasreddin Shah will ultimately not be lost upon his subjects, justly known as the most gifted people in Mohammedan Asia.

It is for this reason that the somewhat boisterous reception accorded to the shah during his last visit to England must be fully approved in spite of the contrary views which pretend that it was overdone. Official England is altogether lacking in means, resources, and comprehension adequate to the importance and position of the British Empire in Asia. London ought to have special allurements for Asiatic princes. Palaces for Mohammedans and Hindus provided with mosques and temples, with basins and baths, ought to be at the disposal of royal visitors anxious to visit the British capital without infringement of their religious and customary life, and the lesson in European culture imparted to them at a distance would have a much greater effect if supported by studies made on the spot. One hardly believes how Orientals are flattered by the slightest attention paid to their national habits and customs. In my correspondence with Mohammedan Indians I have found that the efforts of her Majesty the queen to learn Hindustani and the esteem in which the munshi is kept at the court are highly appreciated in the respective circles of your Indian possessions. Russia has long ago followed such a policy with her Asiatic vassals, and Tartar chiefs, who might as well be located in a stable, are lodged in imperial palaces and treated with civilities far above their rank. The rajas and maharajas of India must be quite differently looked upon. With them rules of court etiquette are a much more important matter, and the slightest neglect may deeply offend their susceptibilities. One thing is certain: the more frequently Oriental princes will come to London, and the greater the facilities offered them to see England's power, wealth, and culture on the spot, the

stronger will become the ties by which her outlying possessions are united to the mother-country.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
TO AND FRO IN LAPLAND.  
ANGLING EXPERIENCES.

It has always been a matter of surprise to us that so few of the numerous travellers who year after year circumnavigate in steamers of various kinds the desolate coast of Norsk Finmarken, ever penetrate inland, or proceed beyond the Varanger Fjord into the wilds of Russian Lapland. For the tourist certainly there are but few attractions: once past the beautiful valleys of Nordland and the serrated peaks and rocky corries of the Lofodens, he has left behind him nearly all the fine scenery in the Scandinavian peninsula. Moreover, there are but few comforts and no luxuries attaching to travelling inland through these northern countries, and the mosquito does his little best in the brief summer time to make things as unpleasant as possible.

But neither the mosquito nor the black fly, nor that vicious little creature, the sand-fly, prevents thousands of Englishmen visiting year after year the rivers and lakes of Canada, to get to which from this country necessitates a Transatlantic voyage.

And yet there is any amount of sport to be had both on the Norwegian and the Russian side of the frontier. There are grand rivers full of salmon, innumerable lakes containing vast quantities of char, trout, grayling, pike, and other fish; in many districts very fair bird-shooting can be obtained; while bears and wolves occur with more or less frequency. The Lapps, although they have their little failings—an intense objection to water in any form, whether externally or internally applied, being one—are interesting; so are these queer animals the tame reindeer, and the naturalist has a wide field for study.

The first time we visited these inland wilds—for purely sporting purposes

only, be it remarked—we certainly were sceptical for a week or two as to the wisdom of the performance. The season was a rather late one; north of the Namsen Fjord the snow lay close down to the water's edge along the shores of Nordland and Finmarken; on the little lake behind Hammerfest there was lots of ice a yard thick, and on the 9th of June we steamed out from Kistrand down the dreary Porsanger Fjord in a blinding snowstorm. At the mouth of the Tana, to which we were bound for salmon-fishing purposes, things looked better; little snow lay on the valley of the great river, one ulster served to keep us fairly warm when in exercise, and the netsmen reported that the salmon were running. Nevertheless the Lapps who had come down from Karasjök and the upper reaches with their timber rafts reported, "Meget is ved Storfossen," and "Meget, meget sne paa fjeldene." And they were right, as we were not long in finding out.

After being stacked up by Lapps in their long canoes for sixty or seventy miles, we arrived on the second day out at the Storfoss, a series of heavy rapids in a narrow, birch-clad pass, down which the river pours with great violence. For hundreds of yards on either side of the river below its exit from the gorge, ice ten and fifteen feet thick stood in huge masses and in broad belts, which extended from the water's edge far back on both shores, while between the cavernous blue-and-white walls the torrent rolled black, swift, and deep. As a matter of fact we did succeed in passing the portage, and getting the boats and our somewhat varied *impedimenta* over; but the process occupied just sixteen hours, during which it snowed without ceasing, and blew a gale from the north. How the wind whistled through the pass, and how the snowflakes whirled in wild confusion among the bare birch-trees.

Having got so far, we were of course fully committed to the expedition; but we confess to have wished ourselves more than once on the banks of a

stream where the climate was not quite so severe, and on which the signs of winter were not quite so conspicuous. One grain of comfort we extracted from a Lapp, whose solitary hut stood a few hundred yards from the river at the foot of the foss. The salmon were running; he had caught some in his nets—"Ikke mange, men stór" (not many, but big). When we re-embarked above the rapids, and made our way up-river, there was a perceptible improvement in the style of the water, which below had been characterless and uninteresting. All the pools were evidently far too high for fishing, but they were numerous and well defined. Still we were by no means out of the wood, or rather the wintry weather, and until the first week in July it snowed every day more or less, and blew hard from the north. Not until the middle of that month was there a leaf upon the birch, and several times we were fairly blown off the river; but when things did settle down a bit, and the heaviest of the snow-flood had run off, the sport was such as we had never before experienced in Norway or in Scotland, and fully made up for previous hardships and disappointments.

Below the Storfoss the Tana runs through Norwegian territory, but above this point the great Lapland river forms the boundary-line between Russia and Norway for an immense distance in a southerly direction. This being so, its salmon-fisheries are subject to a special set of laws, and no one, native or foreign, can obtain a monopoly of the rights on any portion. The migratory fish ascend the main river and its tributaries for some five hundred miles, and throughout the extensive area thus drained there is a considerable though sparsely distributed population of Lapps and Fins, whose staple food is salmon. By one means and another vast numbers of these fish are taken,—in summer with the rod and nets of various kinds; later on in the season, when they are on the spawning-beds, by spearing; and such is the persecution to which they are subjected, that we are convinced, after several years' experience

of this really magnificent salmon river, but a very small proportion of the fish which ascend it each year ever return to salt water. The day may come when this state of matters will cease, when the glorious pools on the finest salmon river in the Scandinavian peninsula will no longer be harried by pot-fishing Lapps, and when, without injury to the food-supply of these interesting but very dirty nomads, it may be possible, by the payment of a fixed rent, to fish the river in peace.

It would be impossible to say what weight of fish might be taken on the Tana with the rod during the season under such circumstances. One sportsman has been known to kill nearly five hundred pounds in a day; we ourselves have taken over one thousand pounds out of a single pool in six weeks; and many remarkable bags have been made; but we are convinced that, were the river properly preserved, all these would be thrown into the shade. As in the rest of Lapland, the mosquitoes are dreadful, and no preventives must be omitted in order to render existence even bearable; but by the constant use of ample veils, long gloves, and close-textured clothing while abroad, and mosquito-curtains during the hours of rest, these insect pests may, to a certain extent, be neutralized.

Until the early spring-flood has run off, the Norwegian half of this great northern river is of but little use for fishing purposes. The land on that side is comparatively high, and the inflowing tributaries therefore are full of snow-water, which flows through short and rapid channels into the main river, retaining its milky color and low temperature. On the other hand, many of the confluent on the Russian side come from chains of lakes in which the water, however initially cold and dirty, has had time to filter and acquire a certain amount of warmth. Salmon are supposed to delight in facing torrents, however icy, and no doubt, under certain circumstances, they do; but when there is an alternative, as on the Tana, they prefer the easier, and,

to our thinking, more comfortable passage, and make their upward progress on the Russian side of the river.

In the beginning of the season, the end of June or early July, the pools immediately below the confluence of Russian tributaries are invariably good, the fish—especially if there be a strong rapid above—remaining for some time in the warm brown water before resuming their journey to the upper reaches.

A night's fishing on a great Lapland river is a thing to be remembered. By six or seven o'clock, as a rule, the sun is off some pool or another which it is the angler's duty to carefully note, and to this favored spot he is guided by two Lapps in a swift canoe. Reclining on a layer of birch boughs in the bottom of the light craft, the boatmen, armed with long poles, force him along the margin of the pools and up the most powerful rapids until, arrived at the top of the proposed beat, the rods are put together and operations are begun in earnest.

Full of life and vigor, the heavy salmon, straight from the depths of the icy sea, show sport which will flush the cheek and try the skill of the most veteran angler; and when conquered, and the steel driven into the broad and silvery side, they are trophies to be proud of.

As the hour of midnight approaches, the mosquitoes begin to relax somewhat in their attentions, the sun still blazes on the hills and uplying ridges, but for the most part the surface of the river is in comparative shadow. Then comes the mist, that enemy fatal to sport: first in the little eddies and behind the boulders, one sees faint wreaths, as of grey smoke, curling and twining on the water; the wreaths multiply and extend in volume and in density, until the broad river is sheeted in its filmy folds. Slowly but surely it rises, until even the birch-trees are enveloped in its chilly embrace, and then it is time for coffee. The canoe is hauled ashore, the Lapps collect wood and build a huge fire, on which a kettle is soon boiling and salmon-steaks grill-

ing, and within half an hour the angler is enjoying a repast fit for a king. What cares he for the millions upon millions of bloodthirsty insects that are waiting only for the rising sun to clear away the misty veil to devour him? A row of gallant fish are lying upon the turf beside him, his pipe is in his mouth, and—if he be wise in his generation, and undesirous of contracting the "rheumatiz"—a tumbler of honest Scotch whiskey-toddy is in his hand. Between one and two o'clock the sun's rays once more pierce the depths of the valley, and with the sweet breath of early dawn the vapors disappear; in airy columns they float away. On inspecting the rods, which have been left leaning against a birch-tree hard by, the lines and the flies are found coated with ice; but in another half hour the fisherman is pursuing his favorite amusement in an atmosphere composed for the most part of mosquitoes, and in floods of sunlight.

The salmon on the Tana are large; we can testify to averages throughout individual seasons of twenty-one and twenty-two pounds; and a Russian magistrate resident on the river once informed us that on a certain occasion he landed from a famous pool within a few hundred yards of his own door three fish, which weighed respectively thirty, forty, and fifty pounds. Whether the little failing so universally ascribed to the disciples of old Izaak in more civilized regions had been inherent even in that lonely Lapland angler, we cannot say; he seemed a God-fearing and a modest man.

Apropos of mosquitoes, we recollect taking part in an amusing conversation in the smoking-room of a mail-boat bound up the west coast of Norway. Among the party were three university men, bound to some Lapland river, intensely desirous of information of all kinds, and more especially as to the best means of defeating the multitudinous and bloodthirsty "migg." A quiet and somewhat reticent old countryman of ours, who had been to the river in question, was also present, and was consulted with regard to the most



appropriate, and of course presumably cooling, form of liquid refreshment in which to indulge in these parts. "Hoots, man, it's whuskey!" was the immediate reply; and it further appeared that the old sportsman was in the habit of applying that universal panacea externally as well, when he was badly bitten!

At the mouth of the river we saw huge piles of shed reindeer horns, which had been brought from the upper districts far inland. In the neighborhood of Kautokeino and Karasjok numbers of Lapps spend the winter herding their reindeer; and here it may not be inappropriate to make a few remarks about these curious animals, which are the all in all of their owners, their entire worldly wealth. In winter their food consists entirely of different lichens, but chiefly the lichen *rangiferinus*, or reindeer-moss, of which they are extremely fond. In order to get at these, the deer clear away the snow beneath which they are buried by means of their broad, sharp-edged hoofs; and to such a depth are they sometimes obliged to go, that the traveller may have hundreds of rein all round him, and not one be visible.

It is generally supposed that the brow-antlers, or "spades," as they are called, are used by them for these excavations. But this is an error, as the bucks shed their horns at the beginning of winter, and not until the following summer do they begin to grow. The greatest enemies of the reindeer are wolves and gluttons, and more especially against the former the Lapps and their dogs must keep watch and ward day and night. A herd, when attacked in a determined manner by a pack of wolves, may escape with the loss of a few only of their numbers; but instances have been known of unfortunate Lapps losing their all in a single night—the deer being all killed, savagely torn or scattered far and wide over the fields. With the herds of so many different owners feeding on common ground, the deer of course frequently get mixed up; and in order

to rectify this, in spring or autumn a great gathering called *Rathkem* is held, and the ownership of each animal is determined by the particular marks which all have on their ears. When a child is born, an interest in the family wealth is at once bestowed upon it—a supplementary ear-mark being given to a deer, which thenceforward belongs to the new member.

Unless in exceptional districts, the residence of large herds of reindeer on the inland tracts during the summer is undesirable. At that time of the year the mosses on which they feed, and which are of exceedingly slow growth, are dry and uneatable; and having no protecting cover of snow, the deer tread them under foot and destroy them. So virulent, too, are the attacks of the mosquitoes and other insects that unless their owner removes them, he is sure to incur losses among his herd, either from actual sickness or by the animals flying to the mountains to escape their winged tormentors.

In some parts of Russian Lapland—as, for instance, in the neighborhood of the great Imandra Lake—reindeer remain throughout the summer months; but these do not improve in condition as do their more fashionable brethren, who at that time repair for change of air and diet to the seaside. About the beginning of May the Lapps who have been wintering round Kautokeino and Karasjok start off with their thousands of deer towards the great peninsula of Alnas Njarga, two hundred miles off on the west coast of Norway. There, and on the neighboring islands, the nomads spend the summer, and the deer acquire health and strength to withstand the rigors of the coming arctic winter. Year after year, generation after generation, they follow the same track across the mountains to the sea, and year after year they return by it. The journey down in May is an anxious time for the Lapps, as the female rein then give birth to their young, and should they be unfortunate enough to fall in with continuous and heavy snowstorms, many of these are lost. The glutton,

too, makes this his opportunity to attack.

The process of milking a herd of rein is singular, and we have often watched it with interest — especially when, after a long tramp across the fjelds, we looked forward to a share of it ourselves. Attended by the sharp-nosed Lapland dogs, the herd appears, its members packed closely together, and forming a compact mass, in which the horns are a prominent feature. As they approach nearer one hears a grunting exactly like swine, and a curious crackling sound produced by the contact of innumerable horns and limbs. They are then driven into an enclosure, each animal is lassoed in its turn over the horns, and dragged up to an erection in the middle, where it is milked. The quantity afforded by each is only about a claret-glassful, but the milk is extremely rich and nourishing.

In some of the mountainous districts of Finmarken there are a few so-called wild reindeer; but their numbers are not such as to make it worth the sportsman's while to go after them.

Some thirty miles up from the fjord into which it discharges, the Tana passes within a few miles of the head of the Varanger Fjord, between which and the river a very fair road exists. On one occasion we chose this route, stopping for a short time at a place called Mortens Naes, on the northern shore of the fjord, to inspect an old Lappish place of worship and burial-ground. A little way from the landing-place, surrounded by thirteen concentric rings of stones, we found a *bauta*, or idol-stone, some eight or nine feet in height, symbol of the ancient idolatrous worship of the Lapps; and in the immediate neighborhood were several other groups of rings and mounds, from which the remains of buried Lapps had been exhumed wrapped in birch-bark. The place was a somewhat melancholy one, and not calculated to induce a long stay; so after spending three or four hours on shore, we got on board the little fjord steamer and went on to Vadsö.

The odors of that northern seaport

we are not likely to forget. The day before the whaling steamers had brought in a couple of "fish" seventy or eighty feet long, and these were being "treated" on our arrival, with a result to the nasal organs that may be imagined but certainly not described.

On the opposite or southern shore of the Varanger Fjord, another fine Lapland river enters salt water. Draining the great Enara Traesk in Finland, a sheet of water which covers an area of sixty geographical square miles, the Pasvig in its course from lake to sea offers grand opportunities of sport to the angler. About two miles from the mouth of the river the further ascent of the salmon is stopped by a fall; but in this limited space numbers of heavy fish are killed with the rod every year, and the upper waters simply teem with trout and grayling — waiting to be caught. Unlike its neighbor the Tana, whose banks in many parts are somewhat bare and desolate-looking, the Pasvig winds through a beautiful valley, undulating wooded hills surrounding it in every direction. For the angler who can stand the mosquitoes, we cannot imagine a more delightful spot in which to spend the months of July and August than the Pasvig valley.

Although in its course of nearly seventy miles between the Enara Lake and the mouth of the river there are some thirty falls and rapids, many of which are impassable by loaded boats, the greater part of the distance is occupied by lakes. On the streams between these lakes, and at their exit and entrance, we generally found the best of fly-fishing; indeed so freely did the fish sometimes rise, that we took to putting back everything under a couple of pounds, or went trolling in the lakes trying for big ones.

Some twenty miles below the Enara Traesk the Pasvig expands into the lake Männikö-järvi, and immediately below is the most beautiful rapid on the river, Männikö-Koski, so called from the fir woods that cover the shores in every direction. More than two hundred yards wide, deep and

swift, the river foams down among a number of small rocky islands, each crested with its clump of fir, into a magnificent pool, whence it flows in wild confusion towards the next lake.

In the Enara district some wild reindeer are to be found, and numerous wild-fowl frequent the banks of the Pasvig and its lakes.

Two other salmon-rivers enter the sea on this part of the coast, the Neiden and the Jakobselv; the former is in Norwegian territory, the latter only partly so, forming, as it does, the frontier with Russia. Neither of these is regularly fished with the rod, and good sport may be obtained on both.

Passengers by the Norwegian mail-boats to Vadsö marvel at the birds which swarm on the lofty cliffs of Svaerholt, between the Porsanger and the Lax Fjord: a gun is fired, and instantly the air resounds with the cries of millions and millions of gulls, which wheel and poise aloft in every direction, while other millions remain crowded together in long ranks upon the rocky face. Off the north-western coast of the great peninsula of Kola lies another great breeding-place of the northern sea-fowl, but of a very different type, and one which is but rarely visited by travellers. "Henöerne" consists of a group of small islands, the largest about a mile and a half long only, and none rising to a height of more than fifty feet above the sea. They are the haunt of innumerable birds—gulls, puffins, guillemots, eider-ducks, etc.—and at different periods of the year Russians, Norwegians, and Lapps come to kill seals and collect eider-down and eggs. Each kind of fowl has its favorite abiding-place on the islands. The gulls nest on the grassy flats, the eider-ducks among marshy knolls, while the ospreys confine themselves to the highest points, and the puffins have a couple of acclivities facing the sea to themselves, which are fairly riddled with their excavations.

Here it may be well to remark that on the coast of Russian Lapland, eastwards from and between the Norwe-

gian frontier and the Kola Fjord, there are some very nice little salmon-rivers which it would be well worth the enterprising sportsman's while to visit; this cannot, however, be done except in a yacht or craft with steam-power, hired for the expedition. On one of these little known streams, and living on board his yacht anchored at the mouth, a friend of the writer killed one thousand pounds of salmon in a fortnight, all casting with the fly from the bank; moreover, the mosquitoes were not at all bad!

At the head of the long and decidedly monotonous Kola Fjord, called by the Lapps "Gnollevodna" or Fish Fjord, two of the finest salmon-rivers in Russian Lapland, the Tulom and the Kola, enter salt water, and at their point of junction is situated Kola, the oldest town in Lapland. The first named is much the larger stream, and rolls past on the western side of the town one thousand yards broad. In the lower portion of its course it is somewhat slow-flowing, and the tide runs up to the first rapid, a distance of six or seven miles, so that twice in every twenty-four hours during the season it may be said to receive a fresh supply of salmon. These fish frequent the Tulom in great numbers, as is evident from the quantities captured by the Lapps, and undoubtedly grand sport might be obtained with the rod. The first three fish we took weighed over thirty pounds apiece, and afterwards we got several over forty pounds; they rose well to the fly.

Outside a radius of about a couple of miles from Kola, the fisheries belong to the Lapps, and we made out there would be no difficulty in obtaining the exclusive rights on any portion of the river. These fisheries, however, are valuable, and the rent of a tract of good water would be a by no means nominal one.

There being no natural obstacles to their progress, the salmon are enabled to ascend the whole river, a distance of some five-and-forty miles, into the Nuot-javre, a fine island-studded sheet of water forty miles in length, and

hence, the Lapps said, they go up the tributary streams which rise on the frontiers of Finland. One of these, the Lut, which enters the western side of the lake, and which we ascended for some distance, is little more than a succession of swamps, and by these it is possible to travel to the Enara Traesk, a distance of between sixty and seventy miles across country, but what with being constantly wet and exposed to the weather, and having every now and again to drag the boats over necks of land, this mode of transit is most fatiguing, and unpleasant to the last degree. There are several systems of these swamps throughout Russian Lapland, over which the traveller between certain points must pass, and one of these extends from the neighborhood of Kola to the Monshje Dunder, a wild range midway between the lakes whence the Tulom and the Kola flow, and where there are said to be wild reindeer.

Not until well on in May does the ice on the inland lakes break up, and by October they are again sheeted over. By a provision of kindly Dame Nature, snow almost invariably begins to fall heavily immediately after the ice has formed, and the protection thus afforded prevents it from acquiring any very great degree of thickness. When such is not the case, however, the shallower portions of lake and river freeze to the bottom, and a great destruction of fish-life is the result.

The other river which enters the fjord at Kola, the Kola itself, discharges a much smaller body of water than the Tulom, and in a very different manner. So rapid are the lower three miles of its course that they are unnavigable even by the light river-canoes; and the bare ridge, some three hundred feet in height, from which it rushes, must be surmounted before the traveller is able to commence the water journey upstream on his way *viâ* the great Imandra Lake to the Bay of Kandalaks, the innermost arm of the White Sea — a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles. The Kola also is a

beautiful pools and streams, and might be rented with advantage for purposes of rod-fishing; on it we enjoyed some excellent sport, not only with the salmon, but among the trout and grayling. At a place called Angasgory, the river issues from the large sheet of water named "Gnollejavre," or Fish Lake, between which and the sea it has a course of fifty miles. The greater part of this distance, however, consists of lakes into which the river expands, and one of these, Pulozero, which we passed up, was twenty miles in length. On the western side of the valley we could see the heights of "Poatsoaive," or Reindeer Fjeld, so called from its being the favorite summer resort of these animals, in order to escape from the myriads of mosquitoes which swarm in the surrounding woods and swamps. Gnollejavre and the neighboring streams and lakes contain immense quantities of fish of various kinds — pike, perch, char, trout, grayling, and gwyniad or fresh-water herring.

From the little settlement of Maselsky, on the eastern shore of the lake, where we put up for a couple of nights, we had a grand view: in the immediate foreground the blue waters of the lake rippled beneath a cloudless sky, undulating woods stretched beyond, while over all the fine snowy ranges of the Monshje, Tschyne, and Volsche Dundri towered high in air. Immediately to the south of Gnollejavre is a narrow neck of land about twelve hundred yards wide, which here forms the watershed; the stream flowing from its northern slope, discharging ultimately by the channel of the Kola River into a fjord of the Arctic Sea, that on the southern side, flowing into the great Imandra Lake and thence *viâ* the Niva River into the White Sea at Kandalaks. Sixty miles long and from five to ten broad, Imandra is the largest lake in Russian Lapland; its shores and the numerous islands which stud its bosom are beautifully wooded, while on the eastern bank the mighty mass of the Umpdek Dunder, three thousand feet above sea-level, stretches away for

seventy miles, its upper slopes and gorges clad in eternal snow. For the benefit of travellers the government has put up three or four block-houses, and from one of these, Jokostrov, we visited the Island of the Graves, "Mogilnyi Ostrov," a Lapp burying-ground and a most melancholy spot. On approaching it, however, the weather was so bad that we were uncommonly glad to get ashore and take advantage of such shelter from the storm as it afforded. It was blowing half a gale, the rain was descending in sheets, and the appalling crashes of thunder that followed one another in rapid succession seemed enough to wake the grim old Laplanders, who for so many generations had slept beneath the pines on the Island of the Graves. Islands are frequently chosen by the Lapps for cemeteries, as, owing to the slight depth at which they bury their dead, the bodies are liable to be dug up by the bears or wolves if on the mainland. Formerly the Enara Lapps had a burial-ground near their little church, but the graves were constantly torn open; they now use an island on the great lake.

Rising on the frontiers of Finland, some hundred miles to the west, the Tunijok, the most important tributary of Imandra, enters the south-western arm of that fine sheet of water, after forming in its course a whole series of other lakes. Near the point of junction is an old settlement, Akkala, the headquarters of the Lapps of the district; here they live in winter, spending the summer months in fishing upon the Tunijok and its lakes, or upon the islands of Imandra with their reindeer. In autumn they hunt the bear and other wild animals, and when the weather becomes severe they return to the little village. On the vast tundras of Russian Lapland bears and wolves are numerous, and the latter run down and destroy many reindeer. But the Lapps are bold and expert hunters, and on their swift *ski* they pursue both the bear and the wolf, and immense numbers of dogs are kept by them for purposes of the chase.

On the Umpdek Dunder wild reindeer exist in considerable numbers, and they are found also among the woods which surround Imandra. Wild-fowl, too, including swans, are numerous on that lake, so that there is abundance of occupation for the sportsman. The fly-fishing at the lower end, where the Niva has its exit, we found magnificent, and we grudged the shortness of the season, which prevented our staying more than a couple of days in the neighborhood. Except where it forms the lake "Pinosero," the Niva is an extremely swift-flowing stream, and foams down through the pine woods to the White Sea with loud roar. There are, however, no insurmountable obstacles, and salmon, although not in great numbers, ascend it to Imandra.

From Sashjeika, at the lower end of the lake, to Kandalaks is a journey of about five-and-twenty miles, and the greater part of it is performed by land. Accompanied by several Lapps bearing our *impedimenta*, we enjoyed the walk through the forest; but the mosquitoes were about as bad as possible, and we were not sorry when at length we were able to look out upon the island-studded surface of the White Sea, which lay stretched out at our feet asleep beneath the rays of the August sun. The White Sea has got an evil repute for the suddenness and violence of the squalls which sweep over its surface; once we had personal experience of what wind and sea can do on these northern waters in summer, and have no wish to repeat it. What it must be in winter we shudder to think, when the coast is fringed with miles of solid ice, against which the vast masses of drift are being constantly driven with tremendous violence, and when the air is ever laden with the snow driven before the fierce "norther."

Throughout our travels in Russian Lapland we were fortunate in being accompanied by a most invaluable attendant, who spoke Russian, Norwegian, and Lappish; but even he was not infrequently puzzled with the dialects of the last-named language, of which there are three in the Kola pen-



insula, distinct from one another. The Russian Lapps differ greatly both in character and features from their brethren on the Norwegian side of the frontier — being quick, intelligent, and observant, qualities of which the latter can hardly boast. Intermixing with Russians themselves may have conduced to this, but Lapps of pure descent are similarly distinguished. Their poverty in reindeer as compared to the Norwegians, and the consequent additional struggle for existence in an Arctic climate, has made them more quick-witted and active, and has turned them into a race of hunters and fishermen.

Marvellously prolific in fish-life are these northern waters, whether salt or fresh. As far eastwards as Svatoinos (the Holy Cape), the shores of Norsk Finmarken and of the so-called "Murman" (a corruption of Norman) coast of Russian Lapland are swept by the Gulf Stream, and as a consequence they are resorted to by vast shoals of cod, which are captured in immense numbers. At the above-named headland the Gulf Stream curves away in a north-easterly direction towards Nova Zembla, and on the coast to the east and beyond its benign influence these valuable fish are but little found. We doubt if elsewhere in the world there is such a coast for herrings; from the Kola Fjord to Archangel, some seven hundred miles; from Kandalaks to Petchora, a still greater distance; and eastwards to the mouths of the Yenisei and the Obi rivers they are taken in vast quantities. "When the herring pour in from the Arctic to the White Sea," says one writer, "usually in the month of July, they are often packed so close that they form huge, compact masses. Followed by other fish, they push on into the inlets, bays, and mouths of rivers, and are thrown up on the land in such quantities that they cover the shores for long distances." Whales, too, are numerous in these seas; and at Vadsö, on the Varanger Fjord, a regular fishery by means of small steamers armed with harpoon-guns has been successfully carried on

for many years. In addition to the above, shark-fishing is an important industry, and large quantities of coal-fish are also captured along the Murman coast.

In this paper we have referred more particularly to certain rivers and lakes frequented largely by salmon, but they form only an insignificant proportion of the inland waters to which these fish resort. Of the many streams which enter the Arctic Ocean to the east of the Kola Fjord, and which, in common with those that flow towards the east and south into the White Sea, rise in the peninsula's central plateau, some sixty miles long by ten wide, may be named the Tiriberka, Voronje, and Yokonga; at Karabelni Nös the Ponoï, a great Arctic river, enters the sea more than a mile in width; while flowing from north to south the Tschjavannga, Varsuga, and Umba discharge on the northern shores of the White Sea. These and many others are visited by vast quantities of salmon; and as owing to the conformation of the country there are no natural obstacles on these rivers, the fish are enabled to ascend for considerable distances. On the Karelian coast, too, which extends in a south-easterly direction from Kandalaks, many other important streams, frequented by salmon in large numbers, flow into the White Sea, but of these it will be sufficient to name the Kovda, the largest river in Karelia. Having its head-water in the great lake Tuoppa-järvi, over sixty miles in length, the Kovda flows through a whole system of other lakes — the most important of which are Paa-järvi and Kauto-järvi — before entering the beautiful Bay of Kandalaks. Two hundred and fifty yards wide at the mouth, deep and rapid, it discharges a volume of water equal to that of the Glommen, the largest river in Norway, and is celebrated even in these parts for the quantities of salmon which it produces, and its lakes for the abundance of other fish which they contain.

The salmon, however, do not ascend the Kovda much before the middle of August. On the Tulom and the Kola,

three degrees farther north, they appear a month earlier, and, as already remarked, on the rivers of the Varanger Fjord, still farther to the north, about the 25th of June. It would thus seem that the shoals of fish come with the Gulf Stream from the west, — the more easterly rivers on this coast, irrespective of latitude, being the latest. Such also is the case with the cod, which arrive on the Finmarken and Murman coasts after the season in Lofoden.

We fear, however, that the limits of our reader's patience have been exhausted; and although volumes might be written upon this wild and comparatively little-known corner of northern Europe — its birds, its beasts, its fishes, its human inhabitants with their singular migrations and yearly wanderings — we will not attempt to trespass further. Our endeavor has been to show what a field it offers to the sportsman, more especially to the angler; and in this we trust we have partially, at any rate, succeeded, although, perhaps, in enumerating so many rivers and lakes we may have seemed prolix.

Hard, indeed, is the life of the poor Laplander. Over hundreds of miles of desolate tundra, of frozen rivers and lakes sheeted in ice and snow, the fisherman wanders to pursue his arduous vocation on the coasts of the icy sea amid darkness, arctic cold, and winter storm, to return by the same long and toilsome journey for the brief summer time to his inland home. The hunter, with but imperfect weapons, pursues the wolf and the bear over the boundless wastes, and after a few weeks among the health-giving breezes of the coast, the reindeer-owner returns with his herd to the wilds of Enara and Kautokino, there to protect his herds from their natural enemies amid wreaths of snow.

GEORGE LINDESAY.

From Nature.

#### EARTH MOVEMENTS.

EVERY year, every day, and possibly every hour, the physicist and observer

of nature discovers something which attracts attention, causes wonder, and affords material for discussion. At one moment we are invited to see solidified air, at another to listen to telephonic messages that are being transmitted without a wire, or to pause with astonishment before a pen which is producing a fac-simile of the writing, the sketches, and the erasures of a person who may be in a distant city. Not a day passes without a new creation or discovery, and novelties for our edification and instruction are brought to our notice at the meetings of societies and conventions which from time to time are held in various parts of the world. At the last meeting of the British Association, held in Nottingham, the attention of members was called to the reports of two committees summarizing a series of facts which seem destined to open a new field in the science which treats of movements in the crust of our earth. For thirteen years one of these committees has devoted its attention to the volcanic and seismic phenomena of Japan, with the result that our knowledge of these subjects has been considerably extended. Now we observe that earthquakes, which are referred to as catastrophes in the processes of mountain formation and the elevation or depression along our coast-lines, are spoken of as "vulgar disturbances" which interfere with the observation of certain earth movements which are probably as common to England as they are to Japan.

Earthquake observations, although still capable of yielding much that is new, are for the present relegated to a subordinate position, while the study of a tide-like movement of the surface of our earth, which has been observed in Germany and Japan, earth tremors, and a variety of other movements, which we are assured are continually happening beneath our feet, are to take their place. Only in a few countries do earthquakes occur with sufficient frequency to make them worthy of serious attention. The new movements to which we are introduced are occurring at all times and in all countries,

and we are asked to picture our continents as surfaces with a configuration that is always changing. We are told that every twenty-four hours the ground on which we live is gently tilted, so that the buildings in our cities, and the tall chimneys in our manufacturing towns, are slightly inclined like stalks of corn bent over by a steady breeze. The greatest tilting takes place during the night; in the morning all return to the vertical.

Why such a movement should exist, we are not told. All that we hear, is that it is too large for a terrain tide produced by lunar attraction. In Japan it appears possible that it may prove to be a concertina-like opening and shutting of the crumpled strata forming a range of mountains. To determine whether this intermittent puckering of strata, which would mean a daily increase and decrease in the height of mountains, explains the variability in the level of districts where observations have been made, is a matter for future investigation.

A problem which suggests itself in connection with this novel work will be to determine the limiting change in inclination, which we will assume means rock-bending, that culminates in sudden fracture and a jar, causing an earthquake.

Earthquake prophets up to the present appear to have lived upon the reputation of a few correct guesses, the non-occurrence of which would have been contrary to the laws of chance. As observation has shown us that a very large proportion of our earthquakes, like those which occur in the Himalayas and the Alps, and even those which occur in volcanic Japan, are produced by faulting or sudden breakages in crumpling strata, rather than by explosions at volcanic foci, it would seem that a study of the bending which leads to fracture would be a legitimate method to approach the vexed question of earthquake prediction.

Another class of movements to which our attention is called are our old acquaintances, the microseismic or

tremor storms, which are now defined as long, flat waves which give to the surface of our earth a movement not unlike the swell we so often see upon an ocean. Such disturbances are particularly noticeable whenever a district is crossed by a steep barometrical gradient. It is not unlikely that these movements, which are appreciable at considerable depths, have an effect upon the escape of fire-damp at our collieries, that they may influence the accuracy of delicate weighing operations—as, for example, during the determination of standard weights—that they may interfere with gravitational observations, and that they are a neglected source of error in certain classes of astronomical work. Our attention is next directed to the bending effect produced in certain districts by the rise and fall of the barometer, certain areas under variations in atmospheric pressure behaving as if they were the vacuum chambers of an aneroid.

Then there are the earthquakes of comparatively restful countries like our own. A large fault, by which mountains are suddenly lowered and valleys compressed, takes place in a distant country like Japan. Near the origin of the dislocation the shaking brings down forests from the mountain-sides, and the neighboring district is devastated. As the waves spread they become less and less violent until, after radiating a few hundred miles, they are no longer appreciable to our senses. But the earthquake has not ended. As long, flat, easy undulations it continues on until it has spread over the whole surface of our globe. The waves passing under Asia and Europe reach England first, while those crossing the meridian of our antipodes and North America arrive somewhat later. At Potsdam, Wilhelmshaven, and in Japan, waves of this order have often been recorded, but for the rest of the world they are thus far unrecognized. Great cities like London and New York are often rocked gently to and fro; but these world-wide movements, which may be utilized in connection with the determination of physical constants re-

lating to the rigidity of our planet's crust, because they are so gentle, have escaped attention.

That the earth is breathing, that the tall buildings upon its surface are continually being moved to and fro, like the masts of ships upon an ocean, are at present facts which have received but little recognition. Spasmodic movements which ruin cities attract attention for the moment, but when the dead are buried, and the survivors have rebuilt their homes, all is soon forgotten. It seems desirable that more should be done to advance our knowledge of the exact nature of all earth-movements, by establishing seismological observatories, or at least preventing those in existence from sinking to decay.

J. MILNE.

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From Punch.

THE DIRECTOR'S VADE MECUM.

QUESTION: What is your duty as a director?—To give my name to a prospectus.

Is there any necessary formality before making this donation?—Yes; I am to accept a certain number of qualifying shares in the company obtaining the advantage of my directorial services.

Need you pay for these shares?—With proper manipulation, certainly not.

What other advantages would you secure by becoming a director?—A guinea an attendance.

Anything else?—A glass of sherry and a sandwich.

What are your duties at a board meeting?—To shake hands with the secretary and to sign an attendance book.

What are your nominal duties?—Have not the faintest idea.

Would it be likely to include in your nominal duties the protection of the interests of the shareholders?—As likely as not.

Would it be overstating the case to say that thousands and thousands of needy persons are absolutely ruined by the selfish inattention of a company's direction?—Not at all—possibly understating it.

I suppose you never read a prospectus to which you put your name?—Never.

Nor willingly wish to ruin any one?—No; why should I?

You are guilty of gross ignorance and brutal indifference?—Quite so.

And, consequently, know that, according to the view of the judges, you are above the law?—That is so.

And may therefore do what you like, without any danger to your own interests?—To be sure.

And consequently will do what you best please, in spite of anything and anybody?—Why, certainly.

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THE ESSENCE OF CINNAMON.—It will be a remarkable sign of progress if science, in its endeavors to discover a preventive, has to fall back on a sanative application almost forgotten since the days when our grandmothers were young. We call to mind an old gentlewoman, born about the middle of last century, and hale and hearty in the forties of this, whose mysterious pocket, of vast containing capacity, was always redolent of cinnamon. If any virtues were, in those days, ascribed to the spicy bark, we never heard of them. A little of it now and then, for tongue and teeth to toy with, was judged to be, in

some way, beneficial, and there knowledge ended. The latest announcement in the interests of medical science is that of an expert, who has been experimenting in M. Pasteur's laboratory, M. Chamberland, who says that no living disease-germ can resist for more than a few hours the antiseptic power of essence of cinnamon. M. Chamberland looks upon it as being not less effective in destroying microbes than corrosive sublimate. Its scent will kill them. A decoction of cinnamon is recommended, not only in influenza cases, but also in attacks of typhoid fever, and cholera.

Rock.

